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THE GREENWOOD CLUB.

A Tale of the Lake Superior Region.

BY WILL WILDWOOD.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DEATH OF THE MOOSE.

When Jerry left the hermitage the sun was low in the West, and he determined to abandon pursuit of the moose for the day; though he desired to find where it had entered the river, if possible, and ascertain also at what point it had forsook the stream, ere he sought a camping ground for the night. Following down the ravine the sportsman had little difficulty in discerning the spot whence the moose had taken to the stream; but here, as he had feared, all trace was lost. There was no means at hand whereby he might cross the stream, and he was confident the quarry had swam the river to the opposite shore, and plunged on into the deep, almost unexplored depths of the forest beyond. Stalker followed the course of the river some distance downward, and was about to select a favorable location to camp, when he imagined he heard a sound in the distance, like the cracking of a dry twig, and almost instinctively he sought concealment behind the trunk of the nearest tree.

Listening intently the sportsman heard the noise repeated, and nearer at hand. Presently he heard a crackling and crashing in the undergrowth across the stream, as of some huge animal forcing its way through the forest toward the river. Very soon he beheld the outlines and the immense palmated antlers of the quarry, evidently a moose, but whether the one he had wounded or not Jerry Stalker found it difficult at first to decide.

The great cervine approached the brink cautiously, peering about as if to detect any unusual presence on the farther shore, then partially emerged from the thicket, snuffed the air a moment, half doubtfully, before entering the river. As it came into view Jerry saw at once that the moose was partially disabled from a shattered shoulder, and upon attempting to cross the rapid stream it swam feebly, being carried many yards down the current before reaching terra firma on the shore opposite from whence it started.

Jerry Stalker was greatly surprised at this seemingly unaccountable freak in the quarry, but his wonderment did not by any means prevent taking due caution to obtain a shot. Watching the course of the wounded moose, which swam in a labored and painful manner, its great head and broad antlers only visible above the water, the sportsman saw that it would reach the shore at a hundred or one hundred and fifty yards below his place of concealment, and was prepared to fire the instant that it emerged in full view.

Upon leaving the hermitage the elder sportsman had requested Jerry to take the tall, wiry staghound, and in case he overtook or again wounded the moose the staunch dog might prove of service. The knowing animal, at the bidding of his master, had accompanied Jerry Stalker, who held the hound in leash—a precaution seemingly unnecessary, as it followed in the footsteps of the hunter as noiseless, almost as a phantom. Now, however, when the quarry came in view, the gallant dog exhibited the greatest eagerness, but waited with remarkable staunchness the word to pursue the game. Crouching close behind Stalker, half whimpering from suppressed excitement, while its eyes glowed like two balls of living fire, and its hair stood on end "like quills on the fretful porcupine," the brave staghound waited until the shot had been sped, and then like an arrow from the bow it flew in pursuit of the quarry. Short and exciting was the race, for the swift-footed hound, running mute as death, its very speed precluding the possibility of giving tongue, ran two yards to every one that the laboring and sorely-stricken animal traversed, so that ere the moose had ran two hundred yards from the point whence it had emerged upon the shore, the dog seized him and brought the maddened brute to bay. Stalker hastened to the rescue, but as he approached, the moose shook off its canine assailant and made a vicious charge at the hunter. A second time the hound caught the monstrous cervine, and Jerry, watching his opportunity, shot the quarry to the heart.

Loud and joyous was the death halloo as Jerry Stalker reached the fallen moose, and the cheery shout re-echoed through the woodland like a clarion call. Somehow the young sportsman imagined that ere the last faint echoes had died away he heard the cry caught up and answered back in the distance, but concluding it must be fancy he bent to his task of disembowling the fallen monarch.

He had barely completed this operation, and fleshed the brave hound with a liberal portion—whereupon the sagacious dog had hastened homeward, conscious that his services were no longer needed—when nearer at hand Stalker heard a clear, well-known whistle, seemingly across the river. Hastening to the nearer shore and glancing over the sun-lit waters, he beheld Harry Hunter, who waved his cap to his friend and exclaimed:

"Good enough! bravo! Jerry, and so you bagged the moose, did you?"

"Why, yes, I did manage to bring him down after a fashion; but how in the name of wonder did you cross the stream, and did you get sight or sign of the game through the day?"

"One question at a time, and if you wait until I come across to the other shore I will answer both," responded Hunter, and

disappearing for a moment he came in view again farther up the stream, where he loosened a float constructed of two large pieces of driftwood bound together by a leathern thong, and shoving this frail craft out into the current soon reached the opposite bank some distance below his friend.

Then in response to Jerry's request, Harry Hunter thus detailed the account of his day's hunt:

"After separating from you this morning I took a course nearly due southwest, following that direction by frequently consulting the compass, until I reached the river. Up to that time I had seen nothing to indicate the presence of a moose, but after waiting a short time I heard several rifle shots in rapid succession, from which it appeared evident that you had come up with the quarry. It so happened that I saw the moose cross the river, though out of rifle range, and coming to the spot from whence the animal took to the water I waited sometime for you; but finally concluding you had taken a different course or lost the trail, I made a float and crossed the stream, taking up the bloody trail on the opposite shore. The quarry seemed nearly exhausted from loss of blood, for at intervals of a mile, and often less, I found spots where he had lain down from sheer weakness, and in each of these beds he bled freely. He had lost none of his wariness, however, for upon my approach he would rush on before I could by any means obtain a shot.

Finally, by proceeding with the greatest caution, I caught a glimpse of his great antlers peering above a little mound or hillock, and made a detour to reach him and obtain, if possible, a shot as he lay. The old fellow was keenly on the alert, and it was only by crawling through the underbrush as a screen, and avoiding every twig in my course, drawing myself along inch by inch, as it were, that I approached him. With all the caution I could exercise, some slight sound or taint in the air alarmed the antlered monarch, and he was off before I could draw trigger.

"Once more, when the moose had lain down in a little vale, sheltered from view by a thicket near which he was hidden, I approached him quite closely by wading down the course of a little rill, screened partially by the bank which rose a foot or two above the stream, the animal started in such a manner that the underbrush prevented a shot. After that, though I saw by various unmistakable signs that the moose was near at hand, I did not get a glimpse of him, as, being pressed closely he again turned toward the river, and the rest you know. What surprised me most was that you failed to put in an appearance after wounding him. Now that you have secured the quarry, however, it makes little difference, but pray tell me did you lose the trail after wounding the moose?"

The confusion of Stalker was quite apparent to his friend Hunter, who, surmising that it was caused by the seeming slur upon his want of skill in woodcraft, forebore to question him more closely, accepting the explanation that the course of the wounded game was somewhat circuitous, and led through a rill and rocky country where neither hoof-mark nor blood stain could be discerned.

The truth was, Jerry Stalker was more interested in the fair May Percy than he would care to acknowledge, and he did not wish to give the details of an adventure which might be made the jest or subject of comment of his companions. Hence he concealed that portion of his exploit which resulted in the rescue of the lovely maiden in question, and Harry Hunter, though he surmised that something underlay his friend's evident embarrassment, turned the topic of conversation in another channel.

That night both camped in a sheltered woodland nook, and the ensuing morning returned to the village where they learned that exquisite Adolphus had also been the hero of an adventure more ludicrous than thrilling in its nature. This particular exploit was narrated to interested listeners substantially as follows.

CHAPTER XVII.

ADOLPHUS FITZNOODLE HUNTS AND IS HUNTED.

On the morning of the eventful day when Jerry Stalker and Harry Hunter had gone in quest of the moose, Adolphus, armed with a large double barrel duck gun, started out intent on ruffed grouse shooting in the dense woodland which hemmed the village in on three sides. The cockney was constrained, much to his regret, to ask the advice of the Col. Hardy regarding the *modus operandi* of this sport, but he did so in a manner calculated to be condescending—rather as though conferring than asking a favor.

"I say, weally, my good fellah, don't you think this patwidge or grouse shooting quite a bore?" queried Adolphus.

"On the contrary, it is very exhilarating and delightful sport, in my opinion," responded Hardy. "Of course the shooting is more difficult than on open prairie, and the walking more tiresome, but I consider the ruffed grouse one of our finest game birds, and deem the sport nearly equal to woodcock or quail shooting. Indeed, I know of many good sportsmen who prefer it to either."

"I presume it's dooced tedious business, and weally exasperating when the bwush is thick, but I'll try it to-day. I weally pride myself, you know, on a good theoretical knowledge of field sports in general, and think a little practice would make me pwoficient in shooting. Do you think now a bag of pwehaps ten bwace of patwidges in a day would be cwe-ditable for a novice?"

"That would be not only creditable but remarkable for a veteran sportsman, as ruffed grouse shooting runs in America. In

England, where partridges are shot at battue on game preserves, of course ten or even fifty brace to each gun is of common occurrence. But that system I do not consider sport, but mere butchery," said Col. Hardy.

"Now I think, by Jove, I weally would prefer shooting where the patwidges are dwiven out by beaters. It wouldn't be so dooced tiresome, you know. I would twy pigeon shooting fwom the twap, but the dooced birds don't give a fellah half a chance. Do you, aw—, load heavy in patwidge shooting?" inquired the cockney.

"I do not," responded the Colonel, "in fact it is folly, as I think, to overload for the purpose of increased velocity or penetration. Three and one-half drachms of powder at the most, and one and a fourth ounces of No. 7 shot is ample for ruffed grouse shooting."

"Now that is stwange. My fwend Snob—who is weally a gwaft gunner—told me to use five drachms of powder, and two ounces of shot, in bwush shooting. He said this weally would pwoduce a *stunning effect*," replied Adolphus, evidently perplexed by this diversity of opinion.

His adviser could scarce repress a smile at this profound remark, but answered courteously:

"Your gun will no doubt stand a charge of that size, but I fear you would find the recoil unpleasant. However, use your own judgment in the matter. A practical test will be more convincing and perhaps be of lasting benefit to you."

"Aw! weally, I think I'll twy the heavy load, and use the small charge if the wecoll is too gwaft. I pwesume a dog would be a dooced bother in pawtwidge shooting so I pwefer to go without one."

"For myself I should desire a well-broken dog, though it is often claimed that even staunch dogs flush more birds than they point in thick covert. That being the case, perhaps you would do best by 'walking them up,' as it is technically called."

"How about this dooced snap shooting, as the fellahs call it? Isn't it quite a bore?" queried the irrepressible Fitznoodle.

"Of course no sportsman wishes such shooting continually," replied Hardy, "but an occasional snap shot adds a charm to the sport for me—but that is a point upon which there is much diversity of opinion."

After further discussion, during which Adolphus ingeniously consulted the ideas of the elder sportsman without appearing to do so with any special object in view save the interchange of opinions, the young exquisite betook himself to the woods, mentally congratulating himself upon the knowledge of woodcraft he had gained in conversing with Col. Hardy.

Adolphus found it as he had feared 'dooced tiresome' work, and although a bird would now and then rise before him with a quick and impetuous whir which completely unnerved him, no chance for a sitting shot was obtained—and as this was what the gunner had ardently and secretly hoped for, the failure was disheartening. He soliloquized upon the lost prestige, provided he could not bag ten brace, which he had modestly opined would be a fair score. The briars and tangled underbrush sadly marred the fair appearance of his sporting suit, and numerous scratches from the same source added nothing to his sport. And so, vexed in spirit and ill at ease, the shooter stumbled on, upheld more by self-pride and the fear of losing caste as a sportsman, than from an ardent desire to find better shooting as the day wore on, until finally, overcome by fatigue, he threw himself down at the foot of a tall maple, utterly discouraged. As Adolphus sat there partaking of his luncheon, and bitterly lamenting his ill-luck, an owl which had been lazily winging its way from tree to tree, hovered over the spot and finally alighted in one of the topmost boughs of the maple overhead. The gunner, lying below upon the greensward, had not even the remotest idea as to the species of the bird, but doubting not that it was game, possibly a *rara avis* which would give him distinction if brought to bag, he cautiously brought his gun to bear, somewhat loosely held at the shoulder perhaps, and fired.

The effect of the shot was indeed *stunning*—as the luckless shooter had averred his friend Snob told him it would be with a charge of five drachms—but it was in a manner wholly unexpected. The recoil felled Adolphus instantaneously, while the owl, sorely wounded, dropped from limb to limb, vainly clutching at each bough, until it brought up at last upon the prostrate Fitznoodle. This procedure greatly alarmed the gunner, especially as the talons and beak of the bird made sad havoc with the hand which he stretched out to remove it. Leaping to his feet he dashed the savage owl to the ground, and looked ruefully at his lacerated hand; but finally securing a stick, succeeded in killing the bird, which, upon closer examination, he sagely concluded was a ruffed grouse—though he perceived that it differed in many respects from the birds of that species he had beheld in market.

As the sun went down toward the west Adolphus thought of returning, but here he was at a loss to conceive the proper course to the village. He knew "no north, no south, no east, no west," and the labyrinths of the forest had so muddled his brain as to the points of compass that he could fix upon nothing to guide his steps aright. During his wanderings he had managed, despite his lame shoulder, to bag a buzzard and one of the water birds known under the appellation of "mud-hens," whereat he gloried exceedingly, for, quoth he, musing, "Weally, what I lack in quantity is made up in variety and quality."

FRANK FORESTER.—An unpublished work by Wm. Henry Forester is now being issued weekly in "A FIELD AND A FLOAT." Office, 607 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. Specimen copies, 5 cents.—(Adv't.)

Fish and Fishing.

BY FRED MATHER.

Influence of Temperature on the Development of Herring Eggs in Spring.

BY DR. H. A. MEYER.

[Translated for the Chicago Field.]

In the annual report of the commission for scientific investigation of the German seas at Kiel, for the years 1874 to 1876, I have communicated my observations on the spawning time, the growth, influence of water and temperature on the development of spawn, as well as other circumstances relating to the life history of the herring. These investigations I have continued in the years 1877-78 in the direction marked out.

As some time will elapse before the next publication of the commission report, it may be of interest for practical purposes to make the newly acquired experience public, therefore in the following communication I publish the substance of the results of the observations made in the last two years on the propagation of the herring.

In the report mentioned I have communicated the experiments showing that in very cold water the hatching of the autumn herring may be considerably retarded. If this is the case with those which spawn in spring it required to be proved by practical research. This work was the more desirable as not only of scientific but also of practical interest, for if fructified eggs of clupeoids spawning in spring and summer can be kept sound by simply exposing them to cold, it would be a great help to artificial fish-culture, as in this case such eggs could be submitted to long voyages, as the time of development allotted to the summer spawn under normal conditions is rather short.

We have not yet succeeded in importing the spawn of valuable kinds of American Summer fish. I therefore examined the conditions of the Spring spawn in very cold water, and give the gist of the experiments in the following: For this year's experiments were employed the genital products of completely ripe fish caught with a hook near Cappelmin, in the Schlei, on the 26th of April, the milt and roe of which flowed into the porcelain dishes without any pressure as soon as taken.

The temperature of the water at the time of capture was 47° Fahr. The quantity of salt midway between top and bottom was one per cent. (Specific gravity equal to 1.0076 at 63°, against water of equal temperature). The artificial fructification took place in porcelain dishes which during the sojourn to Kiel were filled with sea water and kept at the temperature mentioned. The diameter of a single egg, although taken from several fish, fluctuated only between 1.32 and 1.37 m. m. A closer inspection showed that nearly all eggs were impregnated and that the development had begun in a normal manner. With these eggs the following experiments were made:

1st. A part of the eggs were put in the free water of Kiel Bay, which during this time was 11 to 12° C., and contained 1.40 per cent. of salt near the surface, and they were left there until hatched.

2d. Another part was also hatched in the free water of the bay, but put, from the second to the fifth day after impregnation, in water of only 2° C. In order to learn the influence of cold on eggs slightly developed, and that of sudden transposition into colder water.

3d. Eggs which had been kept eight days in the water of the bay at 51 to 53°, and whose development was almost finished, were suddenly put in the same low temperature of 35° in order to try the power of resistance of nearly hatched embryos against cold.

4th. A fourth portion were immediately after their arrival at Kiel put in water of 35° and left there to retard them as much as possible.

5th. Still colder water was employed to find the degree that will destroy herring eggs.

A temperature sufficiently constant for these purposes is easily obtained by employing wooden boxes similar to the ordinary ice-boxes, especially if they are carefully surrounded by non-conductors of warmth. The water employed in these experiments was sea water from Kiel Bay, once a day. In all experiments fresh water cooled to the desired degree was supplied.

At a temperature of 35° it seems easy to keep the herring eggs fresh and sound for a month without any precautionary measures only where the eggs were heaped up in sticking, after a time fungus and putrefaction was observed in the places where they were affixed to the bottom of the dish in a single layer. Even the daily change of water could have been dispensed with for ordinary time of hatching.

In artificial impregnation the regular distribution of the sticking is to be given great care, if the eggs are to be kept for a length of time. If this is done the sticking is no impediment, but rather facilitates the further manipulation, as by rinsing the dishes with fresh water the fine sediment which forms every day can be removed without loosening the eggs.

Experiment 1st. From the eggs kept in free water the young appeared in ten to eleven days.

This coincides with the statement made by me for the time of development of autumn eggs in water of the same temperature.*

The latter required eleven days at 50° to 51°, the spring eggs examined which on the first day were kept in 47°, and later in 50° to 51°, that is, first in water a little colder and then in warmer required about the same time. The only difference between the young ones and the autumn brood was their smaller size.

Experiment 2d. The transposition of the eggs at the beginning of their development in a temperature of only 34° to 35°, and for the time of three days, did not hurt them in any way, but caused a retardation of the hatching of four to five days, although the cold water did not entirely stop the process of development but only delayed it. This retarding must therefore have continued after the eggs were returned to water of 51° to 53°. The time of fructification of the eggs until hatching was fourteen to fifteen days.

Experiment 3d. The transferring of eggs almost completely developed from water of 35° to that of 32° to 35° is not in any way detrimental. For this experiment eggs were taken whose embryos if left in water of 51° to 53°, would have hatched after two days; now they required, in water of 35°, twelve days more. If this result is compared with the previous experiment it appears that eggs far developed are much more retarded by the influence of cold than less developed ones, in the second trial, while the influence of the cold water was felt for three days, the hatching was retarded only four to five days; in the third experiment it was retarded twelve days, the influence of the cold lasting only two days; the whole time from impregnation to hatching was, in experiment No. 3, about twenty days.

Experiment 4. Eggs which were put immediately after arrival in water of 32° to 35° did not ripen so uniformly as in the three previous experiments; the first young appeared on the

twenty-eighth day after fructification, the majority between the twenty-ninth and thirty-third day, and several even later. If it is taken in consideration that they had lived in warmer water the first day, 47° to 53°, and therefore would develop slower by several days if brought into 32° to 35°, immediately after impregnation, it may be assumed that they would have required a time of thirty-three to forty days to hatch.

In former trials made with Autumn eggs, a similar retarding took place at 37° to 41°; it therefore appears that the eggs of the Spring fish in this respect do not present the same conditions as the Autumn fish, but the difference is not considerable enough to draw any special conclusions therefrom; it is rather to be conceded that retarding the development of both by cold is very similar.

Experiment 5. As this experiment showed the duration of development by applying still colder water, first water at 32° was applied. At this temperature the first young appeared on the forty-seventh day, and if the first day when kept in warmer water is taken in consideration, even later. The young did not appear sound, although they swam lively for several days while many had a curvature of the back.

Now we cannot say for certain whether a low temperature is the cause of this deformity or not, for the keeping of eggs in small vessels, not thoroughly cleaned during the time which occupied one and a half months, the impossibility of keeping the temperature up to 32° without special arrangements, and lastly the changing of the water only once a day, all this may have influenced the result. I therefore do not assert that at 32° no embryos fit to live can be hatched. In repeating the experiment with complete arrangements, the faults mentioned could be avoided; still a renewed examination does for the time seem appropriate, as it may be taken as accepted that at 33° the development of the herring eggs takes place in a normal manner, while it is made impossible, as shown by me through repeated experiments, at a cold of only 32.8°; the yolk at this temperature becomes completely impervious, expands and bursts the shell. In water of the Baltic containing but little salt, the limit is, therefore, between 33° and 32.8°; in any event it comes near the zero point. The question whether this limit is the same in the water of the North Sea, which contains more salt, and has a lower freezing point, I can not decide for the present. The observation that herring spawn can stand so low a temperature is a sufficient explanation why sometimes ripe herring appear in the Schlei. Immediately after the disappearance of the ice, they can, without danger, deposit their eggs, even in shallow water, as in Spring no strong ice-covering which alone might be detrimental is formed, although those deposited the earliest by the retardation of their development only ripen when the water has become somewhat warmer. As formerly mentioned, the Autumn herring does not spawn in shallow water with us, and only where there is a good current; thus in the western part of the Baltic a destruction of herring eggs by cold is not liable to take place. However, it is of interest to examine whether in northern waters, for instance on the Norwegian coast, the spawn deposited can be met by currents coming from the Polar Sea and colder than 32°. This would give the long-sought explanation of the enigmatical disappearance of the fish in certain regions of the coast which they used to frequent for many years. The temperatures prevailing in such regions on the surface of the sea are of course not decisive, but those in the deep water, where the eggs are found, are.

In the commission report mentioned above I have already stated that the mass of the yolk gradually disappears in the eggs of the Autumn fish during the time of development, but is lengthened by cold. The same observation was made by me in eggs of the Spring fish, but as the size of these Autumn eggs used for the previous experiments and the length of the young was different, it could not be decided whether those embryos whose time of development had been lengthened by cold had increased in length through the same cause in the egg, but, as the Spring eggs employed in the previous experiments, as already stated, were all nearly of the same size, it could be established that the decrease of the yolk is always connected with an increase in the size of the embryo.

In this connection we refer to the following translation which we have just received from Professor Baird:

NOTE IN REFERENCE TO THE RETARDATION OF DEVELOPMENT OF EGGS OF THE AMERICAN ALEWIFE.

The German "*Fischer's Verzin*" is very desirous of transporting eggs of the American Alewife, *Ammocetes pseudo-harengus* from the United States to Europe, in order to introduce this fish into German waters.

I have no doubt that this can be done and I would have proposed the experiment this very Spring if it did not appear safer to make use of the assistance offered by our American friends in determining in advance whether the mode of transporting these eggs, as suggested by me, will be as well adapted to them as it is to the eggs of our "*Brackwasser*" brackish-water herring.

It has been ascertained by repeated accurate experiments that eggs of our herring (*Clupea vulgaris*) develop slowly in very cold water without losing their vitality.

If—as very probable—the eggs of the alewife behave in a manner similar to those of our brackish-water herring, they could be kept in good health for more than thirty days after impregnation in water of a temperature of 36-38 degrees F. They would thus easily endure the passage to Hamburg or Bremen and not hatch before arrival in Germany.

Doubts have been expressed by American fish-culturists whether the eggs of their fresh-water herring may not behave differently from those of our herring, and these doubts would be well founded if the two did not apparently closely resemble each other in many conditions of life.

Our herring—like the alewife—seeks the fresh water in Spring and ascends for many miles—in fact, as far as it can go. It spawns there and especially at such places where calm, shallow water is found, with scarcely any salt in it, and of a temperature of seventy degrees at the end of the spawning season. In such water and at such temperature the eggs hatch in five or six days; it is with such eggs I have made my experiments.

I kept part of the eggs, taken from the same fish, in cold water, and part in warm, and it was more difficult to prevent spoiling in warm water than in cold. Any damage by cold only occurred at a temperature below thirty-three degrees F., and a change into warmer water from cold was not injurious—merely hastened the development. [Which means from the cold into the warm. Tr.]

It would be of great interest to the German "*Fischer's Verzin*" to know whether, in spite of the great similarity of spawning-times and places as well as of the physical properties of its water, like experiments with the eggs of the alewife would give different results. If this were not the case, to a considerable degree, nothing would prevent the transportation of these eggs and, in all probability, also the eggs of other rare Summer fish might easily endure long journeys without harm.

For greater convenience I will give a more detailed account of my experiments; but before doing so I would mention that all the eggs spoiled when exposed to cold only covered with moist cloth or wet cotton. I obtained, however, favorable results whenever the eggs were kept under water.

For artificial fecundation I only took entirely ripe fish or such as discharged their sexual products under the lightest pressure; these I mixed by stirring briskly together in a large shallow wooden bucket, which I kept ready in the boat while the net was drawn. At the bottom of the bucket were placed pieces of thick window-glass upon which the impregnated eggs descended and firmly adhered.

(N. B.—It is of the greatest importance to introduce only a few eggs at a time into the bucket in order to have only a thin layer upon the glass plates. If the eggs accumulate at some places they must be scraped off with a pliable knife, to avoid putrefaction, when clustering in large heaps.)

One quarter of an hour after the impregnation the glass plates are taken from the bucket and placed into smaller flat earthen dishes, where they are kept under water and at such a temperature as is considered sufficiently low to retard the development. For this purpose I used a box, the sides of which were made bad conductors of heat by means of sheets of felt, and which was large enough to contain in addition to the dishes, vessels with ice.

It is of advantage to place the glass plates in the dishes so that the eggs are on the under side, without touching the bottom of the dishes, as they are thus kept cleaner. Care must be taken to keep the temperature in the box as even as possible, although the cover may be lifted daily to introduce fresh ice and water. While changing the water the eggs may be taken out for some minutes without injury.

It will certainly be best to keep the eggs in such water as is most similar to that at the spawning places; I have, however, ascertained from experiments that even a great difference in the percentage of salt is without injurious influence upon the herring eggs.

The experiments with alewife eggs (for which we ask in our interest) will, in all probability, require no other apparatus than such as are everywhere in use and we hope they will give no especial trouble.

In order to learn the limits of temperature I would propose the trial with:

First, 50 degrees F.
Second, 45 degrees F.
Third, 35 degrees F.

For the sea-transportation an apparatus will have to be constructed especially adapted to resist the rocking of the ship and to contain the greatest number of eggs without injury.

I would like to know whether any spawning grounds of the alewives occur in brackish water and whether such water should be used in transportation, as it can be easily mixed at sea and better kept fresh. A fourth experiment with brackish water of 1.014 specific gravity and 45 degrees F., would therefore be very desirable, if not too laborious it would at least be of interest to science.

Kiel, March, 1879.

Catfishing in the Missouri River.

YANKTON, D. T.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—There is, I see, in the columns of the CHICAGO FIELD, all sorts of mention of all sorts of fishing places,—lakes, creeks, rivers, brooks, etc., and occasionally an ocean or two mentioned by way of variation; and experiences with all sorts of fish, and in all times and places—save one. That place is the Missouri river, and that fish is the catfish.

You've seen the Missouri river, of course. It's a wonderful stream. It's longer than a communication. From the Rocky Mountains to the Gulf of Mexico it flows,—a great muddy contradiction of snags, bars, eddies and sand. It's probably the only river in all the world where the fish have to come to the surface to breathe and pick their teeth. Probably nowhere else can you take a shovel and load a wagon with sand right off the top, or will the wind blow it off. It's got an awful amount of sand, and can swallow more farms than a land agent. I heard an instance of its density once. It was told to me in confidence. It may be true—it may not. A man needn't believe any more of it than he wants to. I was skeptical once myself, but time and experience have taught me that anything is possible—nay probable. The man said that one day he was digging a smoke-house, such as you often see in the West, near the bank of the river. Having occasion to leave his work for about fifteen minutes, he put his dinner-pail in the unfinished hole, and started off. On his return, hearing a peculiar noise issuing from the place, he stepped quietly up, and actually found about a dozen catfish in that hole, fighting for his pail, and the dinner was gone. You see the fish had swam right through the bank and didn't know it.

I pondered on that story long and deeply, and have reached these conclusions: Who knows, but, by the same token, there a'n't catfish swimming all over this broad land to-day, under the sod? People don't know. There's no law against it. And more! In the fullness of time, ages and ages to come, some green-goggled professor, with a careworn brow, and an old spade, will strike a covey of these fish, that have got tired,—stopped to rest, and then petrified,—will dig one up, carry him home, label him with one of Webster's dictionaries, and proclaim to the world one more specimen of glacial action, or something in the old Oolitic, Epizootic, Silurian, Epileptic period.

We can readily see what will be the result of this incident—this lucky find. How many conventions will be held over that fish. What discussions there will be about him then; his age; his habits; his food; even the color of his eyes; the family, species, classification and group to which he belonged! And out of it all will come what? If the past and present is any criterion to go by, we will, if we live long enough, and are there, see something like this result: In a daily newspaper of about the year 3,000,879, will be an announcement about as follows:

"IMPORTANT TO SCIENCE!"

"M. Patrique DeMowhawkson, the renowned French scientist and savant, has just made a discovery which throws very much light on pre-historic matters. He lately found, firmly imbedded in granite, a fish which a special convention of the wisest heads has decided belonged to the family *siluridae dingitatus, ichthalurus, punctatus*, etc., and cannot have been later in existence than the time of the poet Noah, or Neoh, who died from intemperance about the time Washington or Hashington crossed the Straits of Mississippi. It is thought by its peculiarly large mouth to have been of the genus *Americanus*. M. DeMowhawkson, however, dissents from the majority report of the convention, and contends that it is much older—probably dating from the time of the killing of David by a stone in the hands of Abraham, about 300 years after the death of Seaser or Scissors, or Ceesar. This slight difference of opinion, however, detracts nothing from the value of the discovery. The convention hopes, from this fish, to be able very soon to settle all disputes about the age of this planet, its size, its distance from the sun, and much minor unsettled matter, etc., etc., etc."

Readers of the CHICAGO FIELD, can't you see the probability of all this? I can and much more. Proof by the logic of comparison and instance is nice and interesting, but it's dangerous. You can get such overpowering results if you only work it right. But to return to the subject, and to be serious, I never did much believe that smokehouse story myself, but I know you have to dig a hole and plant your bait when you fish in the Missouri. When we used to fish we used anything for bait—dough, liver, piece of buckskin, salt-pork, assafetida, suspender button, almost anything, so it was big enough. I've heard it said you could catch a catfish with a rope and a big knot in the end, but it may not be so.

A young catfish is a wonderful piece of mechanism; he's soft and slimy, and such a mouth. I have caught a five-inch fish on a four-inch hook, and bait to match. It's customary, in such cases, to turn him inside out. It's easier, don't seem to discomfort the fish, and the hook ain't as likely to feel ashamed of itself. When your hook gets over a big snag just pull up the snag—it's quicker. It's also very conducive to a pleasant frame of mind if having carefully baited your hook, thrown the line out, held it for an hour or so, and then when you want to haul it in find it covered by about two feet of sand. It's pleasant, as I said, and very likely to occur—very.

But why should I elaborate? My thoughts have wandered somewhat from my originally intended discourse, and my ink is thickening, but all I have written is truth. My advice is to try it once—this Missouri catfishing. "Go West, young man," or, rather, come; and should you wander this way you will always find an honored host in

COL. NORSKE.

Wonderful "*Lusus Naturae*."

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, OTSEGO CO., N. Y.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—This sulphurous region is just now convulsed with an excitement unparalleled since the bombardment of Sumter. Schuyler's Lake—"Canaderaga" is the

*Commission report of 1877, page 260.

original Indian name—lying about one mile south of the famous sulphur springs in this village, has suddenly become a famous locality.

On the 4th of November last, one Bill Shiner, a well-known character about the Lake, whilst still fishing for pickerel at a spot called Sunken Island, was suddenly startled by a tremendous bite, when, springing to his feet and pulling away with all his might, he hauled in a monstrous loon, weighing within a fraction of eleven pounds. Bill tumbled over backward with every hair of his head straight on end, and after nearly fainting from fright, lifted his anchor, and with the loon flopping, screaming, and dangling on his hook, made a bee-line for the nearest house, where the whole affair was thoroughly ventilated.

It being Sunday afternoon Bill's conscience smote him into a pious mood, and he resolved never again to break the fourth commandment. But one of his brothers, less conscientious, perhaps, ventured to try his luck at the same anchorage. Scarcely, however, were his floats well poised when one of them disappeared and the boat itself, swinging slowly around, commenced moving, anchor and all, steadily toward shore. Tim hung bravely to his lines, and when the boat was fairly beached, descried an enormous mud turtle, three feet in diameter and weighing upward of one hundred pounds, straddling off with his line into the adjacent swamp. Hastily fastening his boat to a stump on the shore, he ran for a neighbor, by whose friendly aid the monster was speedily captured, and soon after as a mark of distinction treated to a draught of brimstone water fresh from the American spring.

As a matter of course, after these two remarkable occurrences, that particular part of the lake in which they had taken place, was frequently resorted to in quest of still bigger game, and not without reward; for, incredible as the statement may appear, it is stoutly alleged that during the succeeding week, a genuine bull-calf, of the Durham breed, and weighing over two hundred pounds, was taken in thirty feet of water with a large, live chub, nine inches in length, for bait! Be this as it may, all previous achievements have, by a still later and more extraordinary one, been thrown entirely into the shade. On Friday last (21st inst.) Bill Shiner, the identical chap aforesaid who captured the loon, whilst fishing through the ice with "tip-ups," hauled out a fish or animal, of most wonderful conformation, and not indigenous to any known water. Its weight was exactly one hundred and thirteen (113) pounds, and its length four feet and three inches. The head, which is nearly round, presents a decidedly human appearance, and the features of the face, lighted up by a mild blue eye, have an aspect of mingled gentleness and intelligence. Well-defined ear-like projections are noticed, and the whole face, that is from ear to ear, is surrounded with a hairy furze or fin-like beard. About eight inches below this beard are two distinct arms or finger-tipped flippers, closely resembling human limbs, having each an elbow joint. From the middle or waist downward, this extraordinary merman tapers gradually and gracefully off into an unmistakable mermaid, two lateral protuberances, or hips, peculiar to the female organism, being plainly visible, whilst just above the tail a delicate creticle of lace-like fringe, the precise facsimile (except in color) of a young lady's modern pantalette, completes the picturesque "contour." Immediately after capture the strange nondescript, by a sudden spasmodic effort, stood erect for several seconds on its feet or, more properly speaking, on its curiously bifurcated tail, and then, after uttering a succession of guttural and peculiarly plaintive moans, like those of a dying infant, fell backward and almost immediately expired.

The excitement which this event produced culminated in a large public meeting at the Spring House, where the nondescript was carefully examined by an immense number of persons, and when at length, some desperate wag, more observant than his fellows, suddenly exclaimed, "She looks exactly like Seth Green!" a significant silence which had hitherto prevailed, was broken by a tremendous shout of laughter degenerating almost instantly into an irrepressible uproar of merriment. In fact, the likeness to the distinguished fishcultivist was so unmistakable, and the recollection of his too willing dalliance with the gentle mermaids of Schuyler's Lake during the past few Summers so distinctly fresh in the minds of all present, that the fatherhood of the deceased mermaid was no longer debatable—accordingly a standing vote, on motion of George Folsom, Esq., chairman of the fish committee, it was unanimously resolved that the nondescript should hereafter be known as the "Mermaidia Sethiana Greeni." The "Lusus nature" itself, preserved in alcohol, will be forwarded to the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, where Mr. Seth Green will have opportunity, though we doubt if he will have the effrontery, to dispute face to face the paternity of this remarkable creature.

Food for Brook Trout.

BY THOMAS CLAPHAM.
(Before American Fishcultural Association.)

Two years ago, when I commenced trout breeding and rearing, I knew nothing about the business except from such information as could be gleaned out of the directions given in various works on the subject. The rules laid down by these authorities, particularly as regards food for trout, both young and old, appeared so vague and contradictory that I concluded to strike out for myself, take advantage of what nature offered, and thus while suffering by experience I might at the same time gain useful information from that harsh yet thorough teacher.

Believing there must be others who, desiring to rear trout, find themselves placed in the same position, I am glad to have the opportunity of giving them the benefit of what little I know:

In the first place I would say that the very best situation for rearing trout is on a never failing spring brook which discharges into the salt water, because in this combination we have all that is necessary, so far as nature is concerned, for success, with comparatively little trouble or expense.

Almost every living thing found in the sea is the very best of food, when properly prepared, for brook trout.

For very young fry I have known nothing better than the belly of the common soft clam. This may be fed in a raw state, through a fine sieve, to the little fish, but it is not well to do so, for the reason that in this condition the food is in a glutinous state, partially dissolves in the water, and, adhering to everything it touches, quickly causes foulness, and consequently death, unless the greatest care be used.

I therefore boil or steam the clams until their shells open, separate the parts I wish from the rim or tough portion, and give it to the young fish through a fine brass sieve.

The boiling or steaming appears to granulate the mass in such a manner that the resulting particles are of exactly the size and condition required, while, being of a very light color, they are readily seen, and the fry will gather up every atom, even from the bottom of the rearing trough or pond.

Enough food for a million little trout can thus be prepared in fifteen minutes. Such portions as are not given to the fry are fed to the large fish. My trout contend with each other to take these scraps from my fingers, and I do not know of any more fattening food.

As the troutlets grow I simply use a coarser meshed sieve, and by midsummer, when they can swallow larger particles, I run the clams, either raw or cooked, through a chopper.

The eggs of the horsefoot or king crab are also excellent food for trout of three months old and upward. These horsefeet are found in great numbers on some shores. Their eggs and flesh are fine fish food and should be prepared by boiling, or roasting on an open fire.

Salt water minnows and shrimps are just the thing for large trout, and during several months I use them almost exclusively, as they can be taken at Roslyn, L. I., by the bushel.

Of course, to those who establish themselves away from tide-water these hints will not apply, and to such I would say that calf or sheep liver, boiled until it becomes brittle or granulated, is an excellent food for the young fry. This, too, should be passed through a fine sieve, and requires no other grating or chopping.

If one has for neighbor a large slaughtering house he need go no farther for cheap food, but in this case cheapness will be secured at the expense of delicate flavor in his trout.

I beg indulgence for consuming your time with matters which to the old fishcultivists may appear self-evident trifles, but my own brief experience has taught me that these trifles are the stumbling blocks over which we beginners have to trip, and I am satisfied that the difficulty of providing proper food at reasonable cost has been the one great cause of failure in rearing trout with profit for market.

The Generation of Eels.

BERGEN OP ZOOM, HOLLAND.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have read with much interest the articles in your paper on the propagation of eels, as also in the *Fischerei Zeitung* of Stettin, Germany. Writers in the latter conclude that eels are oviparous, but I find nothing in them concerning the males.

There is also much contradictory evidence to the theory of Mr. Roosevelt, that the eel-fry does not come from down stream, that is, from the sea.* My own experience is also against Mr. Roosevelt, for I remember that when a boy I went one day, in the Spring of the year, to school in my native town of Dordrecht, and as it was a pleasant day I left home before nine o'clock, a. m., to have a peep at the river before school-time in order to see if there was any fishing going on, for so interested was I in fish and fishing that I had begun to fish at the early age of five with self-made tackle purloined from my mother's work-box.

This day there was no fishing, but on approaching the embankment I saw a string of little whitish things extending over a width of three feet, and as far up and down the river as my eye could reach. This aroused my curiosity that I felt bound to see more of them, and, if possible, to learn what they were, and a small boat belonging to a river craft lying alongside the embankment furnished the desired chance. It needed but a glance to pronounce them young eels and to show that they were several layers deep, but what impressed me most was the fact that the distance between each individual fish and its fellows was exactly the same all through and along the line. The disturbance caused by getting in the boat made them swim deeper, but the same regularity was preserved, even in the curve which they were forced to make in getting around the boat, as they did not seem inclined to pass between the craft and the wall.

After sitting quietly in the boat they rose again to the surface and afforded a chance to observe their motions more exactly.

Their bodies vibrated very quickly, and with this motion alone I saw them, there and then, moving up stream, not only individuals, but the entire ribbon-like mass gradually ascending the river; in fact, I was counting and estimating them in passing, the entire forenoon, forgetting master, school and everything, and would have been sitting there, most likely, until the darkness overcame me and all, and prevented me from seeing my way home, had not the old man found me, and, by trying to stamp the sin of playing truant out, he stamped my first recollection of the passage of eels up stream in so indelibly that even now while writing, forty years afterward, I can see myself still sitting in that boat, on the river-side, counting those passing eels. I never had a chance to see such a montee, as the French call it, afterward, although the fishermen tell me about it.

C. J. BOTTEMANNE,

Supt. of Fisheries.

* Our correspondent refers to Mr. Roosevelt's paper of last year, as his later one had not time to reach the Netherlands at the date on which this was written.

The Breeding of Eels.

MEACHAM LAKE, N. Y., April 7, 1879.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I am greatly pleased with the CHICAGO FIELD, and very much interested in its contents. The most interesting article was on that slippery subject, "Eels." I had just read Mr. Robert Roosevelt's remarks before the Fishculturist's Association, and written a short letter to the *Forest and Stream*, but your article brings up some new ideas which I did not think of. All communications only speak of one species of eel, which inhabits both fresh and salt water.

My observations have been confined entirely to eels in fresh water, and in waters where I think it impossible for eels or any fish to migrate from fresh to salt water. This lake is 1,600 feet above tide—with numerous falls and dams—between the lake and St. Lawrence River. We have great numbers of eels, which are taken with a hook quite freely, at night. At three different times in the last seven years I have found eggs running from the eels as they were taken into the boat—each time in the month of May. Last May I took about 100 eggs from an eel weighing six and one-half pounds, and put them in alcohol. What surprised me most was the stage of development in which I found them. The eyes were very plainly seen, also the forms of the body. Now comes the question, How were they impregnated? Do eels copulate the same as snakes and angworms? If so, the parties who call eels snakes will have made one step forward.

In calling the attention of parties to this subject it will be very easy to determine whether eels breed in salt waters or not, or in both fresh and salt waters. I do not think there can be a doubt about their breeding in fresh water, where it is impossible for them ever to go to salt water. I shall make a very strong effort to secure some eggs the coming May, and will try hatching them. I will also examine carefully all eels caught, to determine if possible the sex.

Several years ago Wm. Clift, who was then president of the Fishculturists' Association, made the statement that there were no red-fleshed trout that did not have access to salt water; but the highest colored trout I ever saw are in streams that there would be no possible way for them to go to salt water. His statement called forth considerable discussion, and I hope the conjectures in regard to the breeding of eels will do the same and finally solve the problem. It is by such statements that we are often led to investigate more carefully.

Your suggestion to Mr. Jerome I think a very good one, and I hope he will act on it. If I learn anything new the coming season I shall be glad to tell "What I know about Eels."

A. R. FULLER.

[We hope Mr. Fuller will give us the result of his investigations.—ED.]

AN EEL IN THE KISKIMINETAS.—Elk Lick, Pa.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—I see a very interesting discussion, or rather series of statements, respecting the natural history of the eel, in the CHICAGO FIELD, and to throw in my mite the following fact has occurred to me: Some seven years ago a boy came to me with an eel he had caught in the Kiskiminetas river just below where I lived. It was an undoubted eel two feet long, and I bought and ate it. I am perfectly familiar with eels, having been a boy along the Susquehanna river, where I caught them often. Now this Kiskiminetas eel, to get to salt water had to go to Pittsburgh, one hundred miles south, thence one thousand miles to Cairo on the Mississippi, and from there to the Gulf of Mexico. No other eel had ever been caught, to my knowledge, in this stream, and now will some wise fisherman set his pole and explain the reason and manner of the eel's presence so far away from his relations? HOWARD MILLER.

WAITING FOR THE FISH LAW.—New Milford, Ill.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—We await the fish law with impatience, as we have one of the best fish streams, but already have they commenced to draw the seine, while one man has fished with a gill-net all Winter and regularly sold the fish at Rockford for eight cents per pound, while if any of the villagers here want a mess he will ask us ten cents per pound. We hope to shut off some of his enterprise if the fish law is passed. The readers of the CHICAGO FIELD here look forward to every week's issue with interest and pleasure. Long may it prosper. M. E. H.

Small Fry.

The novelties in the fish line this week are two—brook trout and California salmon. As to the first, Mr. Blackford's exhibit was the finest yet shown. Long Island cultivated trout, alive, sell for a \$1.50 a pound; killed, \$1 a pound; trout from other portions of the State, 75 cents; wild trout from the Adirondacks, 50 cents; Canada trout, 25 to 35 cents. The demand is unusually large, and stimulated by the exhibition. Certainly ten times as many trout are eaten in New York as in former years. California salmon, from Sacramento, appeared in Fulton Market on the 3d and brought 45 cents a pound, the fish weighing from 15 to 25 pounds. The season is late; they should have appeared by February. The fish were in superb condition, and are excellent for table use, but epicures do not class the *Salmo quinnat* as high as the *Salmo salar*, or Atlantic salmon. This is rather a high price for California fish, but the catch is very light, caused by overfishing.—*New York Times*.

—We want more light on the habits of black bass, especially notes on their hibernating in winter, which they seem to do in some waters and not in others. These notes to be valuable should give the kind of bass, locality, depth, lowest temperature of water and character of the bottom. We have just been informed by Mr. Thomas E. Smith, the well known sportsman and dog handler, that Wawayanda Lake, Sussex Co., N. J., was stocked with bass from the Potomac some years ago, the small mouth, he thinks, and these will not take a bait in winter while those in all the neighboring lakes which originally came from the Delaware (species not given, but most likely the small mouth) take the hook all winter. We have never been able to get any rule to apply to the question of this hibernation.

—We were most agreeably surprised while talking on fishes in Fulton Market, during the recent trout exhibition, by a gentleman saying that he knew of an old book by one of the elder naturalists, then in the store of Mr. John Evans, dealer in rare and curious books, 122 Fulton St., that would just suit us. Half an hour later a package was sent which on opening proved to be the "Philosophical letters between the late learned Mr. Ray and several of his ingenious correspondents, etc. London, 1718." On the fly-leaf was written: "Fred Mather, from Samuel R. Ford, April 2d, 1879." Many thanks; it is quaint and interesting, and we intend to give our readers some extracts.

—If there are any rare fishes caught they find their way to Blackford's. Last week his slabs were gorgeous with the tropical "parrot-fish," whose bright colors attracted much attention, they averaged 18 lbs. each, and might be the "clamadore" or "kilmagore" of Goode, *Pseudoscaphus caruleus*.

—The Santa Barbara Press tells of a "devil fish" recently taken on the Pacific coast whose body was four feet long, with a spear-shaped tail and tentacles seven feet long, making eleven feet from the end of the two longest tentacles to the tip of the tail.

—In setting steel traps for musk-rats, who dig holes in his trout ponds, Mr. James Annin, of Caledonia, N. Y., recently caught a wood-duck and a blue-heron, and now has them both alive.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1879.

Philadelphia Kennel Club Show, Philadelphia, April 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25. Entries close April 11. James N. Whelan, Sec'y.
Massachusetts Kennel Club show, Boston, Mass., May 6, 7, 8 and 9. Entries close April 21. Chas. Lincoln, Supt. E. J. Forster, Sec'y.
St. Louis Kennel Club show, St. Louis, Mo., October 7, 8, 9 and 10. Chas. Lincoln, Supt. O. H. Turner, Sec'y.
Birmingham (England) Aug. 12 to 15. Sec. Mr. J. B. Lythall.

FIELD TRIALS.

English Kennel Club field trials, April 30 and May 1.
Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association's field trials, Nashville, Dec. 1. H. C. Pritchitt, Sec'y.
National American Kennel Club's field trials, Nov. — J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., Sec'y.

FOREIGN DOG SHOWS.

Alexandra Palace dog show, July 2 to 7. G. Lowe, Sec'y.

From our Special Reporter.]

The Westminster Show.

NEW YORK.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I telegraphed you last week a short account of the appearance of the exhibition on Tuesday, the day of its beginning. It was long after mid-day when the dogs were all located in their stalls. Although eight in the morning was named as the hour after which no dogs would be received, it was fully eleven before they closed the doors. As I said in my dispatch, the attendance on the first day was so slight as to elicit comment from all. Not the slightest enthusiasm was apparent. The weather was all that could be desired, but there appeared to be a depression in and around everything. Your reporter was utterly and entirely unknown in his official capacity, though individually known to many. As a consequence, he heard many remarks and saw many things which would most surely have never been seen or heard if he had been suspected as your correspondent. Among others was one uttered by John Davidson, to the effect that when the dogs entered the judging ring he made up his mind which was the best as they passed through the gates, and that all the after handling, all the pulling at leashes, the stretching of ears, the feel of feet, was done to lead the unthink-

ing spectator to imagine that they were carefully and scientifically doing their duty. That is, John Davidson made up his mind, and as the bell-wether of a flock leads his companions, so did John lead his unthinking associates. Thus was the public gulled, and thus was all the hard labor performed by John S. Wise performed for nothing. Mr. Colburn, as I telegraphed, looked handsome, and did the agreeable.

The kennel editor of the Hydra-headed was ubiquitous. Either in the ring talking to the judges, or stalking with his lamp-lighting length of figure to see that the table upon which stood a batch of the journal which for years has been the laughing-stock of those loving dog and gun, was well attended to, and that the boy in charge did his duty in shouting "for sale." A failure in everything he has undertaken, he has been only successful in securing the resignation some years since of the only true sportsman the double-headed ever had in charge of its kennel department. Not satisfied with stepping into the shoes of a man who knew more of dog matters in a minute than he will ever know in his lifetime, he resigned his place, and started in but few months a little feeble bantling which ran its starveling course and died in but few poor months of sheer inanition. Want of brains should have been carved upon the head-stone of the deceased Country. His next role, is where he turns up, like the clown in a circus, and vaulting upon the strength of a transferred subscription list into his old situation of kennel editor, cries, "Here I am again." Not satisfied with his pecuniary gains in this position, he peddles pups and dogs, purchasing these from the very man he ousted from his position, but not until he is assured of a profit by being the recipient of a postal order for the amount. His role as a dog breeder consists in the fact of his buying the black and tan setter bitch, Lou, obtaining prizes at shows, where there was no opposition, and then selling Lou's progeny at long figures, on the strength of those awards. A lying likeness of the bitch was engraved, making her a lovely specimen of her breed, when in fact her ugliness was only exceeded by her utter worthlessness. His last effort was to enter her at this show, and attach to her the figure of a \$1,000, when within the past two months he had offered her to a party for the sum of \$250, and the bitch was refused. This is a slight history of the individual, who controls the executive department of the Westminster Kennel Club. A failure at everything he undertakes, he will be equally successful in his present pose. The writer was shown a letter from the secretary of one of the best known and largest kennel clubs in the country, in which occurred the following paragraph:

"We will not show at your city. The members are mostly gentlemen, but the kennel editor of the *Forest and Stream* part we cannot stand."

Yet, barnacle-like, he has attached himself to the Westminster and prefers ruin to the club rather than resignation to himself. I also saw it stated that the courteous manner of the managers this year was something wonderful. Even the *Turf, Field and Farm* writes in a late editorial to that effect. Allow me to give you and your readers a little illustration of this charming civility on the part of one of its leading men, a Mr. Granger, who also acted, we believe, as one of the judges in the toy classes. A Catholic priest, Father Killen, representative of one of the largest parishes in New Jersey, and well known as an ardent dog fancier, was attentively examining a fox terrier. Mr. Granger came up with a friend and the reverend gentleman being in his majesty's way, was taken by the shoulder and rudely thrust to one side. A remonstrance was given in the most gentlemanly manner, when this man attired as a gentleman informed the priest that "if he didn't like it, he could take it as quickly as he wished." Now we may not like the denomination to which Father Killen belongs, but bigoted as he may be as respects the forms of his religion, I know that report speaks of him personally as being like the form of worship he professes, liberal to a degree in all purely worldly matters; in manner a gentleman, and in his conduct on this trying occasion every inch of him a man. Not a dozen feet from him stood a group of a dozen of his parishioners, and but needed for him to raise a finger, when Mr. Granger would have met with a reception, which, from his inanner, he most certainly deserved. So much for the management of the exhibition, and now for the judges, dogs and judging. I presume a little description of the judges may not be amiss. John Davidson is by this time too well known for me to attempt his description. His chief duty at this show, appeared to be the exhibition of papers and letters to almost any one who would listen to him, which he claimed disproved all and every charge made by your journal against him. John S. Wise is a medium-statured gentleman, a promising young lawyer of Richmond, Virginia, and a son of the ex-governor. A genial jolly gentleman he appeared, but evidently knew but little about dogs, when judging according to points. He probably had his idea of what a good dog is, and his judgments were invariably in accordance with that peculiar idea, but without the slightest regard to "Stonehenge's" points by which the animals were supposed to be judged. George C. Colburn is a hale, hearty, middle-aged gentleman, good humored and good-looking. This was his first appearance in the ring, and beyond looking solemn and cursing the hour in which he allowed himself to become a judge, he held a sneer. Davidson made up his mind, when the dogs came into the ring. Wise worked exceedingly hard but to little purpose, while Colburn yielded ready assent, where there was no division of mind. Hence the judging was done by one, and that one Davidson. There was more growling over the awards than was ever heard before at a bench show. The statements of your journal had borne rich fruit, for while at previous shows defeated exhibitors, after a moment's growl, settled down to a conviction of honest defeat, here the integrity of the judging was at once called into question by the disappointed ones. Hence the remark I overheard, that all the prizes could be purchased for a thousand. The judging of the sporting classes commenced on Tuesday, and began with the pointers.

POINTERS.—Champion pointers came first, and were but five in number. Snapshot won, and I fancied deserved his award, though a long way off of first-rate condition. Pete, the black dog of G. A. Strong, is entirely too coarse about the head and shoulders to appear a high-bred dog. He reminds one strongly of the big Elm dog. His produce when crossed with medium fine bitches might be better than himself, but it would be a good deal of a lottery. The other two entries were out of their stalls every time I went to see them critically, and I cannot say whether they were shown or not, but think it doubtful. The champion bitches only numbered five. Munn's Psyche was by far the best in all the attributes that go to make a first-class animal. She is most grandly headed, a first-rate neck, set on strong straight shoulders. I thought her last season the finest large pointer bitch I ever looked at, and see no reason this season to change that opinion. She was slightly out of condition, being too fat. She had also just weaned a litter, and her teats were large and drooping. Despite this, I considered her more worthy of first, than her successful competitor. I fancied next to her Orgill's Romp, a large-sized bitch of lemon and white color, and of singularly good pedigree, being of the widely known stock of Tottenham Grange, Wolverhampton, England, and won at Baltimore in 1878 first in open class. Either Romp or Psyche should have gotten first. Fan the winner is a black bitch of fair

size, and in capital condition; if a trifle lighter in weight, would have showed extremely ragged in hips and weak in loins; as fat as she was, she was extremely narrow there, I think, and am sustained in this judgment, by both Mr. Pentz of the *Turf*, and by Dr. Strachan, whom I overheard talking over the award in this class in a most condemnatory manner. After the victress, all the rest received a V.H.C. ribbon. I fancied this a gratuitous insult to the owners of both Romp and Psyche, and if I had been in their place would have indignantly rejected such waste silk. It looked to me as if the judges wished to please every exhibitor, and secure champions for future shows. Psyche was first last year at this same show, Romp at Baltimore, and so to secure another champion entry, Fan must be given it here. But what a comment it is upon the judging. In the open class were a few capital dogs in the twenty-nine entries. Take out these and a sorry lot of trash was left. First went, I thought most unjustly, to Fisher Howe, Jr.'s, Rex, a black and white dog of whom could only be said, he had a good loin and was in good condition. His shoulders were decidedly weak, while his head was faulty to a degree. Hobart's Rapp should have had first without a suspicion of a doubt. He has not a good head, and has a poor eye, but from ears to tail, there was never a better one put together. Even his head is no worse than Rex, while in body, he was a long way ahead. Third went to liver and white Sport, belonging to John H. Myer, of New York. I fancied Don, also a liver and white—entry 116—belonging to Benjamin Peer, of Jersey City. In fact, I had my doubts, whether after Rapp, he should not come in second. He is a truly good dog. The solid liver-colored ones didn't have a show. Out of the five exhibited only one was even commended, and he the worst of the lot, both in looks and in condition. S. T. Hammond's unnoticed Brock was a good, fair specimen. In large bitches, open-class, there were but three entries. Grace, a liver and white, very much ticked bitch, carried off first most unjustly. The third prize bitch Gwendolen, a black with white spot on breast, was superior in both the points that make a show, as well as a field dog. I cannot understand how she should be placed third, when better than either of her, so marked, superiors. Prejudice as regards color I fancied told here, as it did in the open class of setters, where the best dog of an undeniably fine lot was ignored because of his liver and white hue. In the small pointer champion class Sefton, a fair dog, took first. This lot only comprised four entries, and Orgill's Rush was by far the best. But Sensation blood was to be commended so as to bring breeding men to the Westminster Kennel; and nothing so well as a large champion class at future exhibitions. In small bitch class—champions—Edmund Orgill's Rose had a walk-over for first. In fact, there were but three entries, and the others though V.H.C.'d were not much. In small pointer dogs, open class, there were twenty entries. I would say here, the same as I remarked respecting the large dogs, take out a few which were really good, and the rest were nowhere. First went to Weighell's, of Rochester, N. Y., unnamed lemon and white. The second was won by John Gill's orange and white Dash, a dog so superior to winner of first, as to make the judgment farcical. Before I close this I shall refer again to Dash. The small pointer bitches were, taken as a whole, a fine lot. Much better than any of the other classes of pointer blood. It comprised fifteen entries, and first went to Duchess, a light lemon and white, the lemon so faded as to be a fawn. Now this bitch was pretty to look at, having large dark eyes, dark muzzle, and a lovely coat. Her loins were good and hips round and full, like a bull dog. She was far too squatly in front, and if judged for adaptability for field work would have been nowhere. For a pet of the house, to be kept as an Italian greyhound would be kept, she would be beautiful in the extreme, but I would ask, is that what we wish our pointer blood for? For carpet knights, or for the woods and fields? If for the former the premium was rightly awarded; if the latter, most unjustly given. Second went to a better bitch, G. G. Barker's Princess, black in color, by Dille's Ringer ex-Gillespie's Fan. Not fine to look at, but how powerful; she was muscled like a thoroughbred, and in a day's hunt would use up a dozen like Duchess. Third went to R. Lamb's lemon and white Elf, a bitch inferior at every point to Orgill's Belle, who only captured the three black letters. Now I think that no one in the county breeds—as the looks of his dogs show—more scientifically than this same Edmund Orgill. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but I know the Flake-Lilly blood, and I can see the results of his knowledge of the laws of correct and true breeding in every animal he exhibits. Although he has shown large numbers of pointers in the past few years, I cannot recall a weed in the lot. This is saying much. Out of these fifteen entries one-third were by Sensation, and these five took first, third, and three ribbons. How is that for judging? The dog must be advertised, however, and here was the chance to have it done cheaply. You gentlemen owning other blood, how do you like it? In the next class judged, pointer puppies under twelve and over six months of age, the same system prevailed. One of the best, fully equal to the first prize winner, was Dr. Henry F. Aten's Frank Forester. For a pup a noble one, and with promise of bone and size enough to be of some worth. Yet first goes again to Sensation blood, and that, too, to a pup so fine in coat, bone, and muscle, as to lie shivering in his stall, curled up like a guinea pig in distress. Strong had two, Pete—Mab, pups, in the class, which were fairly good though unplaced. Monarch, entered by Dr. E. C. Allen, I fancied personally more than any in this class; he is a truly grand pup. Another also more than ordinary was King Charlie, a black and white, owned by the Columbus (O.) Kennel Club. Examine the rewards here also, there were in this class first, second, third and ten ribbons. Of this lot Sensation blood took first, and five of the ribbons. You exhibitors of other strains of pointer blood, how do you like the exhibit? It is your fight, not mine. The class was a fairly good one all through, but the majority of the canines were too finely bred to suit me, although it suited the gentlemen judging. The pointer bitch puppies of the same ages as preceding class: First went of course to Sensation blood, going to Charles M. Scheffelin's lemon and white Beauty, though so fine as to be weedy. Strong took second and deserved it, with black Rena, Pete—Mab blood. Here were given six ribbons, of which the blood took half. Do you like the picture, my friends? In whelps under six months, there were but four entries. C. Dubois and E. A. Wagstaff captured first, and J. W. Coffin took second with his Dash, a nice liver and white little fellow. This ends the pointer list. As a whole, a failure. A few remarkably good ones in a lot of trash. The small bitch class, nearly all good, and the best of all shown. The open class, both dogs and bitches, was away behind in quality those shown at the first exhibition in 1877. The favorite of the community, at least outside of the toy-fancying friends of the Westminster Kennel Club, comes next the great and noble setter.

SETTERS.—In numbers the classes were all well filled. In the English class, the exhibit was a great one. The number was large and the quality above the average. In the Irish, poor, and of no one type in looks of form or of color—the latter made so strong a point of by all our judges. The red and white classification was a failure of the worst sort. The Gordons were in the same boat as the Irish lot. Broad skulls and narrow skulls, long-faced and short-faced, were grouped together regardless of what the points were they were to be judged by. These two classes reminded us of the witch scene on the blasted heath

in the tragedy of Macbeth. As the cauldron contained all sorts of trash, so here, and the judges like the witches made confusion worse confounded by the hell-broth they made of their judging. Scene first and last. The ring, the heath, the judges witches.

"The word sisters, hand in hand.
Posters of the sea and land
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace,—the charm's wound up."

As Hecate and her sisters watched the gruesome pot they fed, so the three judges watched the exhibitors who "boiled" as fast as ever did that historic cauldron, when they learned of the awards. The first to be judged was, of course, the champion English dogs. There were but five entries. Lark, P. H. Morris', was in superb form, as was also Lincoln and Hellyar's Frank II. The latter was my favorite, being in both looks and make-up a remarkable dog. Lark's back jaw will always tell against him. If he were cut away there he would stand greater chance of winning, even in better company than he was here. Von Lengerke's Jersey Duke captured first. This award, and the award of first in open English class, occasioned immense remark. I heard several "Oh! that 'Mohawk' could see this! Where is he? What could keep him away?" I would say right here, that your absence, worthy editor of the *CHICAGO FIELD*, was an astounding fact to all, and the subject matter of speculation to all. A perfectly unnoticed dog was the Grouse of Max Hellmich, of Philadelphia. A noble animal in all and every respect save in color. A decided roan in color, he was not even glanced at, yet in all that makes a show dog, save that, he was superb. Now, in the judging of these three setters was enacted the farce of the exhibition. As I stated before, Davidson had made up his mind when the dogs entered the gate of the judging enclosure. Grouse and Royal Ben were hardly looked at. Lark, Frank II. and Jersey Duke were examined separately from head to foot, were paced around by their handlers, and finally brought together side by side. There an apparently animated discussion took place, accompanied by as much gesticulation as would have become an excited Italian. Then pencils were brought out, and after much figuring Duke was declared the winner. Did you ever hear of such nonsense? The prize-getter already selected, yet to please—as well as gull—the public, a half-hour must be wasted in this by-play. To gratify the native dog lovers and appease the lovers of blue-blood, this extravaganza was played. In English champion setter bitches, there were also five entries. I thought that here, the award went where it belonged. D. T. Charles' white and black Rose, by Royal, out of Nina, was the successful one, and if all the awards had been given to as deserving ones as was this bitch Rose, my letter would have been of smaller proportions. Merrellot's Grace was all off, and had no more chance of winning than a calf. The open setter class English dogs was a really grand one, in numbers and in quality, but the awards as given were as bad as the dogs were good. A dozen dogs of the sixty-seven suited my fancy better than the winner. The first was given to St. Elmo. He is nicely made behind, being smooth in bone and in coat. He is, however, altogether too round in body back of fore legs to meet my approval. He has consequently no depth of chest. How he ever won a prize at Hampton field trials in 1877. Second went to Sam, black and white, ticked by Royal, ex Nina, while third went to William E. Leavitt's Sir Lancelot, of Flushing, Long Island. He is a fine orange and white dog, and either this one or Sam would have suited me best for first. In standing near the field editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, who at the time was talking with Mr. Charles H. Raymond, of Morris Plains, I overheard him remark that he liked or fancied entry No. 283 better than any other animal in the English class. I soon afterward strolled toward that mentioned stall and found that it contained a dog called Stanley, by Orgill's Ray, and he by Pride of the Border, out of Dimity. The blood is rich, and while fancying myself Laverack Thunder, I could not help according praise to Stanley. The latter is a grand-sized, well filled out dog for his age—thirteen months—being deep-chested, well fore-armed, grand loins, joining a pair of hips as smooth and clean cut as can be. His head is all perfection, in all save his eye, which is rather small and light colored. His coat at flanks has also a wave, which I do not care for, but for all that he's a grand dog and better worthy of first place than St. Elmo. Thunder, though only getting a V. H. C., is a good little dog. As was said of the late Tom Sayers, so can be said of Thunder, "he is one of the biggest little ones ever put together." His chief faults, to my eyes, was his excessive broadness of thighs, Dr. A. Russell Strachan's Snooks I admired exceedingly. He is a peculiarly-headed dog, it being quite flat, yet it was broad, more than well-nosed, and set off with a first rate ear. Depth of chest good, and legs well muscled and hard. He was passed over without a notice. Another good one was Orgill's Ray, sire of Stanley, above mentioned. A fine brace, perhaps I should write more panegyrically than that, was the brace called Royal and Saxe, and entered by T. D. Gladstone, of Booneton, N. J. They were as a brace, the best there, being loined like a Durham ox, and heavy and powerful without lumber. Their blood good also, being litter brothers to Charles' dogs, and being by Royal, out of Nina. In the English bitch class were some very inferior animals. As a whole they were far below the dogs. First went to Lincoln, and Hellyar's black, white and tan—the white very much ticked, Minto. She was a good little bitch by Dash II. out of Imported Doll; too small and being also fine we should not fancy her as a brood bitch. Herzberg's Kate II., although of the best blood, is not much larger than a spaniel; she was unplaced. Third went to black and white ticked Meg, owned by Samuel Scranton, of Olneyville, Rhode Island. This bitch was a fine one and much more fitted for first position than the one to whom it was awarded. Entry 334, Drake's Belle by Colburn's Dash ex Mullin's Belle, was another good one, though cut away too much under jaw, otherwise a good one. The dog puppies over six months old were thirty-four in number, and a poor lot at that. With but few exceptions they appeared weedy to a degree. First went to Charles' Wellington, a black and white, by Rock out of Nina. Second was captured by W. H. Pierce's Royal Pomp, by Pride of the Border, out of Kate II. Both of these awards, I fancied, went to the blood, as they both were small to a degree. In bitch puppies, same age, Charles took first with Tricklet, own sister and alike colored to Wellington. Second prize to Lloyd Kennel Club's Polka, by Pride of the Border, out of Kate II. Class 32, dog whelps under six months, first went to King Dash, by Morris' Lark out of Kinney's Belle. This was won fairly, as he was the best by odds in a poor lot of seven entries. In bitch youngsters, Thomas L. Watt got first with his orange and white Fannie F., a good, fair whelp, and also by Lark out of Belle.

GORDON SETTERS.—This class numbered from champions down to babies just seventy-four entries. A greater diversity of type and a greater diversity in the giving of awards was never seen. It was simply astonishing. Pig-jawed, snipe-nosed animals came in for just as much commendation as the broad-headed ones. The judging appeared as if each judge had been allotted so many premiums, and he had gone on his own ideas in affixing them, regardless of his associates. The consequence was a ludicrous medley in the style of the awards. In champion dogs, C. M. Pond,

original Indian name—lying about one mile south of the famous sulphur springs in this village, has suddenly become a famous locality.

On the 4th of November last, one Bill Shiner, a well-known character about the Lake, whilst fishing for pickerel at a spot called Sunken Island, was suddenly startled by a tremendous bite, when, springing to his feet and pulling away with all his might, he hauled in a monstrous loon, weighing within a fraction of eleven pounds. Bill tumbled over backward with every hair of his head straight on end, and after nearly fainting from fright, lifted his anchor, and with the loon flopping, screaming, and dangling on his hook, made a bee-line for the nearest house, where the whole affair was thoroughly ventilated.

It being Sunday afternoon Bill's conscience smote him into a pious mood, and he resolved never again to break the fourth commandment. But one of his brothers, less conscientious, perhaps, ventured to try his luck at the same anchorage. Scarcely, however, were his floats well poised when one of them disappeared and the boat itself, swinging slowly around, commenced moving, anchor and all, steadily toward shore. Tim hung bravely to his lines, and when the boat was fairly beached, desisted an enormous mud turtle, three feet in diameter and weighing upward of one hundred pounds, straddling off with his line into the adjacent swamp. Hastily fastening his boat to a stump on the shore, he ran for a neighbor, by whose friendly aid the monster was speedily captured, and soon after as a mark of distinction treated to a draught of brimstone water fresh from the American spring.

As a matter of course, after these two remarkable occurrences, that particular part of the lake in which they had taken place, was frequently resorted to in quest of still bigger game, and not without reward; for, incredible as the statement may appear, it is stoutly alleged that during the succeeding week, a genuine bull-calf, of the Durham breed, and weighing over two hundred pounds, was taken in thirty feet of water with a large, live chub, nine inches in length, for bait! Be this as it may, all previous achievements have, by a still later and more extraordinary one, been thrown entirely into the shade. On Friday last (21st inst.) Bill Shiner, the identical chap aforesaid who captured the loon, whilst fishing through the ice with "tip-ups," hauled out a fish or animal, of most wonderful conformation, and not indigenous to any known water. Its weight was exactly one hundred and thirteen (113) pounds, and its length four feet and three inches. The head, which is nearly round, presents a decidedly human appearance, and the features of the face, lighted up by a mild blue eye, have an aspect of mingled gentleness and intelligence. Well-defined ear-like projections are noticed, and the whole face, that is from ear to ear, is surrounded with a hairy furze or fin-like beard. About eight inches below this beard are two distinct arms or finger-tipped flippers, closely resembling human limbs, having each an elbow joint. From the middle or waist downward, this extraordinary merman tapers gradually and gracefully off into an unmistakable mermaid, two lateral protuberances, or hips, peculiar to the female organism, being plainly visible, whilst just above the tail a delicate circlet of lace-like fringe, the precise *fac-simile* (except in color) of a young lady's modern pantalette, completes the picturesque "contour." Immediately after capture the strange nondescript, by a sudden spasmodic effort, stood erect for several seconds on its feet or, more properly speaking, on its curiously bifurcated tail, and then, after uttering a succession of guttural and peculiarly plaintive moans, like those of a dying infant, fell backward and almost immediately expired.

The excitement which this event produced culminated in a large public meeting at the Spring House, where the nondescript was carefully examined by an immense number of persons, and when at length, some desperate wag, more observant than his fellows, suddenly exclaimed, "She looks exactly like Seth Green!" a significant silence which had hitherto prevailed, was broken by a tremendous shout of laughter degenerating almost instantly into an irrepressible uproar of merriment. In fact, the likeness to the distinguished fishculturist was so unmistakable, and the recollection of his too willing dalliance with the gentle mermaids of Schuyler's Lake during the past few Summers so distinctly fresh in the minds of all present, that the fatherhood of the deceased mermaid was no longer debatable—accordingly a standing vote, on motion of George Folsom, Esq., chairman of the fish committee, it was unanimously resolved that the nondescript should hereafter be known as the "Mermaidia Sethiana Greeni." The "Lusus naturæ" itself, preserved in alcohol, will be forwarded to the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, where Mr. Seth Green will have opportunity, though we doubt if he will have the effrontery, to dispute face to face the paternity of this remarkable creature. SPECTATOR.

Food for Brook Trout.

BY THOMAS CLAPHAM.

[Before American Fishcultural Association.]

Two years ago, when I commenced trout breeding and rearing, I knew nothing about the business except from such information as could be gleaned out of the directions given in various works on the subject. The rules laid down by these authorities, particularly as regards food for trout, both young and old, appeared so vague and contradictory that I concluded to strike out for myself, take advantage of what nature offered, and thus while suffering by experience I might at the same time gain useful information from that harsh yet thorough teacher.

Believing there must be others who, desiring to rear trout, find themselves placed in the same position, I am glad to have the opportunity of giving them the benefit of what little I know:

In the first place I would say that the very best situation for rearing trout is on a never falling spring brook which discharges into the salt water, because in this combination we have all that is necessary, so far as nature is concerned, for success, with comparatively little trouble or expense.

Almost every living thing found in the sea is the very best of food, when properly prepared, for brook trout.

For very young fry I have known nothing better than the belly of the common soft clam. This may be fed in a raw state, through a fine sieve, to the little fish, but it is not well to do so, for the reason that in this condition the food is in a glutinous state, partially dissolves in the water, and, adhering to everything it touches, quickly causes foulness, and consequently death, unless the greatest care be used.

I therefore boil or steam the clams until their shells open, separate the parts I wish from the rim or tough portion, and give it to the young fish through a fine brass sieve.

The boiling or steaming appears to granulate the mass in such a manner that the resulting particles are of exactly the size and condition required, while, being of a very light color, they are readily seen, and the fry will gather up every atom, even from the bottom of the rearing trough or pond.

Enough food for a million little trout can thus be prepared in fifteen minutes. Such portions as are not given to the fry are fed to the large fish. My trout contend with each other to take these scraps from my fingers, and I do not know of any more fattening food.

As the troutlets grow I simply use a coarser meshed sieve, and by midsummer, when they can swallow larger particles, I run the clams, either raw or cooked, through a chopper.

The eggs of the horsefoot or king crab are also excellent food for trout of three months old and upward. These horsefeet are found in great numbers on some shores. Their eggs and flesh are fine fish food and should be prepared by boiling, or roasting on an open fire.

Salt water minnows and shrimps are just the thing for large trout, and during several months I use them almost exclusively, as they can be taken at Roslyn, L. I., by the bushel.

Of course, to those who establish themselves away from tide-water these hints will not apply, and to such I would say that calf or sheep liver, *boiled until it becomes brittle or granulated*, is an excellent food for the young fry. This, too, should be passed through a fine sieve, and requires no other grating or chopping.

If one has for neighbor a large slaughtering house he need go no farther for cheap food, but in this case cheapness will be secured at the expense of delicate flavor in his trout.

I beg indulgence for consuming your time with matters which to the old fishculturists may appear self-evident trifles, but my own brief experience has taught me that these trifles are the stumbling blocks over which we beginners have to trip, and I am satisfied that the difficulty of providing proper food at reasonable cost has been the one great cause of failure in rearing trout with profit for market.

The Generation of Eels.

BERGEN OP ZOOM, HOLLAND.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have read with much interest the articles in your paper on the propagation of eels, as also in the *Fischerei Zeitung* of Stettin, Germany. Writers in the latter conclude that eels are oviparous, but I find nothing in them concerning the males.

There is also much contradictory evidence to the theory of Mr. Roosevelt, that the eel-fry does not come from down stream, that is, from the sea.* My own experience is also against Mr. Roosevelt, for I remember that when a boy I went one day, in the Spring of the year, to school in my native town of Dordrecht, and as it was a pleasant day I left home before nine o'clock, a. m., to have a peep at the river before school-time in order to see if there was any fishing going on, for so interested was I in fish and fishing that I had begun to fish at the early age of five with self-made tackle purloined from my mother's work-box.

This day there was no fishing, but on approaching the embankment I saw a string of little whitish things extending over a width of three feet, and as far up and down the river as my eye could reach. This aroused my curiosity that I felt bound to see more of them, and, if possible, to learn what they were, and a small boat belonging to a river craft lying alongside the embankment furnished the desired chance. It needed but a glance to pronounce them young eels and to show that they were several layers deep, but what impressed me most was the fact that the distance between each individual fish and its fellows was exactly the same all through and along the line. The disturbance caused by getting in the boat made them swim deeper, but the same regularity was preserved, even in the curve which they were forced to make in getting around the boat, as they did not seem inclined to pass between the craft and the wall.

After sitting quietly in the boat they rose again to the surface and afforded a chance to observe their motions more exactly.

Their bodies vibrated very quickly, and with this motion alone I saw them, there and then, moving up stream, not only individuals, but the entire ribbon-like mass gradually ascending the river; in fact, I was counting and estimating them in passing, the entire forenoon, forgetting master, school and everything, and would have been sitting there, most likely, until the darkness overcame eels and all, and prevented me from seeing my way home, had not the old man found me, and, by trying to stamp the sin of playing truant out, he stamped my first recollection of the passage of eels up stream in so indelibly that even now while writing, forty years afterward, I can see myself still sitting in that boat, on the river-side, counting those passing eels. I never had a chance to see such a monster, as the French call it, afterward, although the fishermen tell me about it.

C. J. BOTTEMANNE,

Supt. of Fisheries.

*Our correspondent refers to Mr. Roosevelt's paper of last year, as his later one had not time to reach the Netherlands at the date on which this was written.

The Breeding of Eels.

MEACHAM LAKE, N. Y., April 7, 1879.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I am greatly pleased with the CHICAGO FIELD, and very much interested in its contents. The most interesting article was on that slippery subject, "Eels." I had just read Mr. Robert Roosevelt's remarks before the Fishculturist's Association, and written a short letter to the *Forest and Stream*, but your article brings up some new ideas which I did not think of. All communications only speak of one species of eel, which inhabits both fresh and salt water.

My observations have been confined entirely to eels in fresh water, and in waters where I think it impossible for eels or any fish to migrate from fresh to salt water. This lake is 1,600 feet above tide—with numerous falls and dams—between the lake and St. Lawrence River. We have great numbers of eels, which are taken with a hook quite freely, at night. At three different times in the last seven years I have found eggs running from the eels as they were taken into the boat—each time in the month of May. Last May I took about 100 eggs from an eel weighing six and one-half pounds, and put them in alcohol. What surprised me most was the stage of development in which I found them. The eyes were very plainly seen, also the forms of the body. Now comes the question, How were they impregnated? Do eels copulate the same as snakes and anglerworms? If so, the parties who call eels snakes will have made one step forward.

In calling the attention of parties to this subject it will be very easy to determine whether eels breed in salt waters or not, or in both fresh and salt waters. I do not think there can be a doubt about their breeding in fresh water, where it is impossible for them ever to go to salt water. I shall make a very strong effort to secure some eggs the coming May, and will try hatching them. I will also examine carefully all eels caught, to determine if possible the sex.

Several years ago Wm. Clift, who was then president of the Fishculturist's Association, made the statement that there were no red-fleshed trout that did not have access to salt water; but the highest colored trout I ever saw are in streams that there would be no possible way for them to go to salt water. His statement called forth considerable discussion, and I hope the conjectures in regard to the breeding of eels will do the same and finally solve the problem. It is by such statements that we are often led to investigate more carefully.

Your suggestion to Mr. Jerome I think a very good one, and I hope he will act on it. If I learn anything new the coming season I shall be glad to tell "What I know about Eels."

A. R. FULLER.

[We hope Mr. Fuller will give us the result of his investigations.—ED.]

AN EEL IN THE KISKIMINETAS.—Elk Lick, Pa.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—I see a very interesting discussion, or rather series of statements, respecting the natural history of the eel, in the CHICAGO FIELD, and to throw in my mite the following fact has occurred to me: Some seven years ago a boy came to me with an eel he had caught in the Kiskiminetas river just below where I lived. It was an undoubted eel two feet long, and I bought and ate it. I am perfectly familiar with eels, having been a boy along the Susquehanna river, where I caught them often. Now this Kiskiminetas eel, to get to salt water had to go to Pittsburgh, one hundred miles south, thence one thousand miles to Cairo on the Mississippi, and from there to the Gulf of Mexico. No other eel had ever been caught, to my knowledge, in this stream, and now will some wise fisherman set his pole and explain the reason and manner of the eel's presence so far away from his relations? HOWARD MILLER.

WAITING FOR THE FISH LAW.—New Milford, Ill.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—We await the fish law with impatience, as we have one of the best fish streams, but already have they commenced to draw the seine, while one man has fished with a gill-net all Winter and regularly sold the fish at Rockford for eight cents per pound, while if any of the villagers here want a mess he will ask us ten cents per pound. We hope to shut off some of his enterprise if the fish law is passed. The readers of the CHICAGO FIELD here look forward to every week's issue with interest and pleasure. Long may it prosper. M. E. H.

Small Fry.

The novelties in the fish line this week are two—brook trout and California salmon. As to the first, Mr. Blackford's exhibit was the finest yet shown. Long Island cultivated trout, alive, sell for a \$1.50 a pound; killed, \$1 a pound; trout from other portions of the State, 75 cents; wild trout from the Adirondacks, 50 cents; Canada trout, 25 to 35 cents. The demand is unusually large, and stimulated by the exhibition. Certainly ten times as many trout are eaten in New York as in former years. California salmon, from Sacramento, appeared in Fulton Market on the 3d and brought 45 cents a pound, the fish weighing from 15 to 25 pounds. The season is late; they should have appeared by February. The fish were in superb condition, and are excellent for table use, but epicures do not class the *Salmo quinnat* as high as the *Salmo salar*, or Atlantic salmon. This is rather a high price for California fish, but the catch is very light, caused by overfishing.—*New York Times*.

—We want more light on the habits of black bass, especially notes on their hibernating in winter, which they seem to do in some waters and not in others. These notes to be valuable should give the kind of bass, locality, depth, lowest temperature of water and character of the bottom. We have just been informed by Mr. Thomas E. Smith, the well known sportsman and dog handler, that Wawayanda Lake, Sussex Co., N. J., was stocked with bass from the Potomac some years ago, the small mouth, he thinks, and these will not take a bait in winter while those in all the neighboring lakes which originally came from the Delaware (species not given, but most likely the small mouth) take the hook all winter. We have never been able to get any rule to apply to the question of this hibernation.

—We were most agreeably surprised while talking on fishes in Fulton Market, during the recent trout exhibition, by a gentleman saying that he knew of an old book by one of the elder naturalists, then in the store of Mr. John Evans, dealer in rare and curious books, 122 Fulton St., that would just suit us. Half an hour later a package was sent which on opening proved to be the "Philosophical letters between the late learned Mr. Ray and several of his ingenious correspondents, etc. London, 1718." On the fly-leaf was written: "Fred Mather, from Samuel R. Ford, April 2d, 1879." Many thanks; it is quaint and interesting, and we intend to give our readers some extracts.

—If there are any rare fishes caught they find their way to Blackford's. Last week his slabs were gorgeous with the tropical "parrot-fish," whose bright colors attracted much attention, they averaged 18 lbs. each, and might be the "clamacore" or "kilmagore" of Goode, *Pseudocaranus ceruleus*.

—The Santa Barbara Press tells of a "devil fish" recently taken on the Pacific coast whose body was four feet long, with a spear-shaped tail and tentacles seven feet long, making eleven feet from the end of the two longest tentacles to the tip of the tail.

—In setting steel traps for musk-rats, who dig holes in his trout ponds, Mr. James Annin, of Caledonia, N. Y., recently caught a wood-duck and a blue-heron, and now has them both alive.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1879.

Philadelphia Kennel Club Show, Philadelphia, April 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25. Entries close April 11. James N. Whelen, Sec'y.
Massachusetts Kennel Club show, Boston, Mass., May 6, 7, 8 and 9. Entries close April 21. Chas. Lincoln, Supt. E. J. Foster, Sec'y.
St. Louis Kennel Club show, St. Louis, Mo., October 7, 8, 9 and 10. Chas. Lincoln, Supt. C. H. Turner, Sec'y.
Birmingham (England) Aug. 12 to 15. Sec. Mr. J. B. Lythall.

FIELD TRIALS.

English Kennel Club field trials, April 30 and May 1.
Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association's field trials, Nashville, Dec. 1. H. C. Prichitt, Sec'y.
National American Kennel Club's field trials, Nov. — J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., Sec'y.

FOREIGN DOG SHOWS.

Alexandra Palace dog show, July 2 to 7. G. Lowe, Sec'y.

From our Special Reporter.]

The Westminster Show.

NEW YORK.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I telegraphed you last week a short account of the appearance of the exhibition on Tuesday, the day of its beginning. It was long after mid-day when the dogs were all located in their stalls. Although eight in the morning was named as the hour after which no dogs would be received, it was fully eleven before they closed the doors. As I said in my dispatch, the attendance on the first day was so slight as to elicit comment from all. Not the slightest enthusiasm was apparent. The weather was all that could be desired, but there appeared to be a depression in and around everything. Your reporter was utterly and entirely unknown in his official capacity, though individually known to many. As a consequence, he heard many remarks and saw many things which would most surely have never been seen or heard if he had been suspected as your correspondent. Among others was one uttered by John Davidson, to the effect that when the dogs entered the judging ring he made up his mind which was the best as they passed through the gates, and that all the after handling, all the pulling at leashes, the stretching of ears, the feel of feet, was done to lead the unthink-

ing spectator to imagine that they were carefully and scientifically doing their duty. That is, John Davidson made up his mind, and as the bell-wether of a flock leads his companions, so did John lead his unthinking associates. Thus was the public gulled, and thus was all the hard labor performed by John S. Wise performed for nothing. Mr. Colburn, as I telegraphed, looked handsome, and did the agreeable.

The kennel editor of the Hydra-headed was ubiquitous. Either in the ring talking to the judges, or stalking with his lamp-lighting length of figure to see that the table upon which stood a batch of the journal which for years has been the laughing-stock of those loving dog and gun, was well attended to, and that the boy in charge did his duty in shouting "for sale." A failure in everything he has undertaken, he has been only successful in securing the resignation some years since of the only true sportsman the double-headed ever had in charge of its kennel department. Not satisfied with stepping into the shoes of a man who knew more of dog matters in a minute than he will ever know in his lifetime, he resigned his place, and started in but few months a little feeble bantling which ran its starveling course and died in but few poor months of sheer inanition. Want of brains should have been carved upon the head-stone of the deceased Country. His next role, is where he turns up, like the clown in a circus, and vaulting upon the strength of a transferred subscription list into his old situation of kennel editor, cries, "Here I am again." Not satisfied with his pecuniary gains in this position, he peddles pups and dogs, purchasing these from the very man he ousted from his position, but not until he is assured of a profit by being the recipient of a postal order for the amount. His role as a dog breeder consists in the fact of his buying the black and tan setter bitch, Lou, obtaining prizes at shows, where there was no opposition, and then selling Lou's progeny at long figures, on the strength of those awards. A lying likeness of the bitch was engraved, making her a lovely specimen of her breed, when in fact her ugliness was only exceeded by her utter worthlessness. His last effort was to enter her at this show, and attach to her the figure of a \$1,000, when within the past two months he had offered her to a party for the sum of \$250, and the bitch was refused. This is a slight history of the individual, who controls the executive department of the Westminster Kennel Club. A failure at everything he undertakes, he will be equally successful in his present pose. The writer was shown a letter from the secretary of one of the best known and largest kennel clubs in the country, in which occurred the following paragraph:

"We will not show at your city. The members are mostly gentlemen, but the kennel editor of the *Forest and Stream* part we cannot stand."

Yet, barnacle-like, he has attached himself to the Westminster and prefers ruin to the club rather than resignation to himself. I also saw it stated that the courteous manner of the managers this year was something wonderful. Even the *Turf, Field and Farm* writes in a late editorial to that effect. Allow me to give you and your readers a little illustration of this charming civility on the part of one of its leading men, a Mr. Granger, who also acted, we believe, as one of the judges in the toy classes. A Catholic priest, Father Killen, representative of one of the largest parishes in New Jersey, and well known as an ardent dog fancier, was attentively examining a fox terrier. Mr. Granger came up with a friend and the reverend gentleman being in his majesty's way, was taken by the shoulder and rudely thrust to one side. A remonstrance was given in the most gentlemanly manner, when this man attired as a gentleman informed the priest that "if he didn't like it, he could take it as quickly as he wished." Now we may not like the denomination to which Father Killen belongs, but bigoted as he may be as respects the forms of his religion, I know that report speaks of him personally as being like the form of worship he professes, liberal to a degree in all purely worldly matters; in manner a gentleman, and in his conduct on this trying occasion every inch of him a man. Not a dozen feet from him stood a group of a dozen of his parishioners, and but needed for him to raise a finger, when Mr. Granger would have met with a reception, which, from his manner, he most certainly deserved. So much for the management of the exhibition, and now for the judges, dogs and judging. I presume a little description of the judges may not be amiss. John Davidson is by this time too well known for me to attempt his description. His chief duty at this show, appeared to be the exhibition of papers and letters to almost any one who would listen to him, which he claimed disapproved all and every charge made by your journal against him. John S. Wise is a medium-statured gentleman, a promising young lawyer of Richmond, Virginia, and a son of the ex-governor. A genial jolly gentleman he appeared, but evidently knew but little about dogs, when judging according to points. He probably had his idea of what a good dog is, and his judgments were invariably in accordance with that peculiar idea, but without the slightest regard to "Stonehenge's" points by which the animals were supposed to be judged. George C. Colburn is a hale, hearty, middle-aged gentleman, good humored and good-looking. This was his first appearance in the ring, and beyond looking solemn and cursing the hour in which he allowed himself to become a judge, he held a snecure. Davidson made up his mind, when the dogs came into the ring. Wise worked exceedingly hard but to little purpose, while Colburn yielded ready assent, where there was no division of mind. Hence the judging was done by one, and that one Davidson. There was more growling over the awards than was ever heard before at a bench show. The statements of your journal had borne rich fruit, for while at previous shows defeated exhibitors, after a moment's growl, settled down to a conviction of honest defeat, here the integrity of the judging was at once called into question by the disappointed ones. Hence the remark I overheard, that all the prizes could be purchased for a thousand. The judging of the sporting classes commenced on Tuesday, and began with the pointers.

POINTERS.—Champion pointers came first, and were but five in number. Snapshot won, and I fancied deserved his award, though a long way off of first-rate condition. Pete, the black dog of G. A. Strong, is entirely too coarse about the head and shoulders to appear a high-bred dog. He reminds one strongly of the big Ulm dog. His produce when crossed with medium fine bitches might be better than himself, but it would be a good deal of a lottery. The other two entries were out of their stalls every time I went to see them critically, and I cannot say whether they were shown or not, but think it doubtful. The champion bitches only numbered five. Munn's Psyche was by far the best in all the attributes that go to make a first-class animal. She is most grandly headed, a first-rate neck, set on strong straight shoulders. I thought her last season the finest large pointer bitch I ever looked at, and see no reason this season to change that opinion. She was slightly out of condition, being too fat. She had also just weaned a litter, and her teats were large and drooping. Despite this, I considered her more worthy of first, than her successful competitor. I fancied next to her Orgill's Romp, a large-sized bitch of lemon and white color, and of singularly good pedigree, being of the widely known stock of Tottenham Grange, Wolverhampton, England, and won at Baltimore in 1878 first in open class. Either Romp or Psyche should have gotten first. Fan, the winner is a black bitch of fair

size, and in capital condition; if a trifle lighter in weight, would have showed extremely ragged in hips and weak in loins; as fat as she was, she was extremely narrow there, I think, and am sustained in this judgment, by both Mr. Pentz of the *Turf*, and by Dr. Strachan, whom I overheard talking over the award in this class in a most condemnatory manner. After the victress, all the rest received a V.H.C. ribbon. I fancied this a gratuitous insult to the owners of both Romp and Psyche, and if I had been in their place would have indignantly rejected such waste silk. It looked to me as if the judges wished to please every exhibitor, and secure champions for future shows. Psyche was first last year at this same show. Romp at Baltimore, and so to secure another champion entry, Fan must be given it here. But what a comment it is upon the judging. In the open class were a few capital dogs in the twenty-nine entries. Take out these and a sorry lot of trash was left. First went, I thought most unjustly, to Fisher Howe, Jr.'s, Rex, a black and white dog of whom could only be said, he had a good loin and was in good condition. His shoulders were decidedly weak, while his head was faulty to a degree. Hobart's Rapp should have had first without a suspicion of a doubt. He has not a good head, and has a poor eye, but from ears to tail, there was never a better one put together. Even his head is no worse than Rex, while in body, he was a long way ahead. Third went to liver and white Sport, belonging to John H. Myer, of New York. I fancied Don, also a liver and white—entry 116—belonging to Benjamin Peer, of Jersey City. In fact, I had my doubts, whether after Rapp, he should not come in second. He is a truly good dog. The solid liver-colored ones didn't have a show. Out of the five exhibited only one was even commended, and he the worst of the lot, both in looks and in condition. S. T. Hammond's unnoticed Brock was a good, fair specimen. In large bitches, open-class, there were but three entries. Grace, a liver and white, very much ticked bitch, carried off first most unjustly. The third prize bitch Gwendolen, a black with white spot on breast, was superior in both the points that make a show, as well as a field dog. I cannot understand how she should be placed third, when better than either of her, so marked, superiors. Prejudice as regards color I fancied told here, as it did in the open class of setters, where the best dog of an undeniably fine lot was ignored because of his liver and white hue. In the small pointer champion class Sefton, a fair dog, took first. This lot only comprised four entries, and Orgill's Rush was by far the best. But Sensation blood was to be commended so as to bring breeding men to the Westminster Kennel; and nothing so well as a large champion class at future exhibitions. In small bitch class—champions—Edmund Orgill's Rose had a walk-over for first. In fact, there were but three entries, and the others though V.H.C.'d were not much. In small pointer dogs, open class, there were twenty entries. I would say here, the same as I remarked respecting the large dogs, take out a few which were really good, and the rest were nowhere. First went to Weighell's, of Rochester, N. Y., unnamed lemon and white. The second was won by John Gill's orange and white Dash, a dog so superior to winner of first, as to make the judgment farcical. Before I close this I shall refer again to Dash. The small pointer bitches were, taken as a whole, a fine lot. Much better than any of the other classes of pointer blood. It comprised fifteen entries, and first went to Duchess, a light lemon and white, the lemon so faded as to be a fawn. Now this bitch was pretty to look at, having large dark eyes, dark muzzle, and a lovely coat. Her loins were good and hips round and full, like a bull dog. She was far too squatly in front, and if judged for adaptability for field work would have been nowhere. For a pet of the house, to be kept as an Italian greyhound would be kept, she would be beautiful in the extreme, but I would ask, is that what we wish our pointer blood for? For carpet knights, or for the woods and fields? If for the former the premium was rightly awarded; if the latter, most unjustly given. Second went to a better bitch, G. G. Barker's Princess, black in color, by Dilley's Ringer ex-Gillespie's Fan. Not fine to look at, but how powerful; she was muscled like a thoroughbred, and in a day's hunt would use up a dozen like Duchess. Third went to R. Lamb's lemon and white Elf, a bitch inferior at every point to Orgill's Belle, who only captured the three black letters. Now I think that no one in the county breeds—as the looks of his dogs show—more scientifically than this same Edmund Orgill. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but I know the Flake-Lilly blood, and I can see the results of his knowledge of the laws of correct and true breeding in every animal he exhibits. Although he has shown large numbers of pointers in the past few years, I cannot recall a weed in the lot. This is saying much. Out of these fifteen entries one-third were by Sensation, and these five took first, third, and three ribbons. How is that for judging? The dog must be advertised, however, and here was the chance to have it done cheaply. You gentlemen owning other blood, how do you like it? In the next class judged, pointer puppies under twelve and over six months of age, the same system prevailed. One of the best, fully equal to the first prize winner, was Dr. Henry F. Aten's Frank Forester. For a pup a noble one, and with promise of bone and size enough to be of some worth. Yet first goes again to Sensation blood, and that, too, to a pup so fine in coat, bone and muscle, as to lie shivering in his stall, curled up like a guinea pig in distress. Strong had two, Pete—Mab, pups, in the class, which were fairly good though unplaced. Monarch, entered by Dr. E. C. Allen, I fancied personally more than any in this class; he is a truly grand pup. Another also more than ordinary was King Charlie, a black and white, owned by the Columbus (O.) Kennel Club. Examine the rewards here also, there were in this class first, second, third and ten ribbons. Of this lot Sensation blood took first, and five of the ribbons. You exhibitors of other strains of pointer blood, how do you like the exhibit? It is your fight, not mine. The class was a fairly good one all through, but the majority of the canines were too finely bred to suit me, although it suited the gentlemen judging. The pointer bitch puppies of the same ages as preceding class: First went of course to Sensation blood, going to Charles M. Scheffelin's lemon and white Beauty, though so fine as to be weedy. Strong took second and deserved it, with black Rena, Pete—Mab blood. Here were given six ribbons, of which the blood took half. Do you like the picture, my friends? In whelps under six months, there were but four entries. C. Dabois and E. A. Wagstaff captured first, and J. W. Coffin took second with his Dash, a niceish liver and white little fellow. This ends the pointer list. As a whole, a failure. A few remarkably good ones in a lot of trash. The small bitch class, nearly all good, and the best of all shown. The open class, both dogs and bitches, was away behind in quality those shown at the first exhibition in 1877. The favorite of the community, at least outside of the toy-fancying friends of the Westminster Kennel Club, comes next the great and noble setter.

SETTERS.—In numbers the classes were all well filled. In the English class, the exhibit was a great one. The number was large and the quality above the average. In the Irish, poor, and of no one type in looks of form or of color—the latter made so strong a point of by all our judges. The red and white classification was a failure of the worst sort. The Gordons were in the same boat as the Irish lot. Broad skulls and narrow skulls, long-faced and short-faced, were grouped together regardless of what the points were they were to be judged by. These two classes reminded us of the witch scene on the blasted heath

in the tragedy of Macbeth. As the cauldron contained all sorts of trash, so here, and the judges like the witches made confusion worse confounded by the hell-broth they made of their judging. Scene first and last. The ring, the heath, the judges witches.

"The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace,—the charm's wound up."

As Hecate and her sisters watched the gruesome pot they fed, so the three judges watched the exhibitors who "boiled" as fast as ever did that historic cauldron, when they learned of the awards. The first to be judged was, of course, the champion English dogs. There were but five entries. Lark, P. H. Morris', was in superb form, as was also Lincoln and Hellyar's Frank II. The latter was my favorite, being in both looks and make-up a remarkable dog. Lark's back jaw will always tell against him. If he were cut away there he would stand greater chance of winning, even in better company than he was here. Von Lengerke's Jersey Duke captured first. This award, and the award of first in open English class, occasioned immense remark. I heard several "Oh! that 'Mohawk' could see this! Where is he! What could keep him away!" I would say right here, that your absence, worthy editor of the *CHICAGO FIELD*, was an astounding fact to all, and the subject matter of speculation to all. A perfectly unnoticed dog was the Grouse of Max Hellmich, of Philadelphia. A noble animal in all and every respect save in color. A decided roan in color, he was not even glanced at, yet in all that makes a show dog, save that, he was superb. Now, in the judging of these three setters was enacted the farce of the exhibition. As I stated before, Davidson had made up his mind when the dogs entered the gate of the judging enclosure. Grouse and Royal Ben were hardly looked at. Lark, Frank II. and Jersey Duke were examined separately from head to foot, were paced around by their handlers, and finally brought together side by side. There an apparently animated discussion took place, accompanied by as much gesticulation as would have become an excited Italian. Then pencils were brought out, and after much figuring Duke was declared the winner. Did you ever hear of such nonsense? The prize-getter already selected, yet to please—as well as gull—the public, a half-hour must be wasted in this by-play. To gratify the native dog lovers and appease the lovers of blue-blood, this extravaganza was played. In English champion setter bitches, there were also five entries. I thought that here, the award went where it belonged. D. T. Charles' white and black Rose, by Royal, out of Nina, was the successful one, and if all the awards had been given to as deserving ones as was this bitch Rose, my letter would have been of smaller proportions. Mercillot's Grace was all off, and had no more chance of winning than a calf. The open setter class English dogs was a really grand one, in numbers and in quality, but the awards as given were as bad as the dogs were good. A dozen dogs of the sixty-seven suited my fancy better than the winner. The first was given to St. Elmo. He is nicely made behind, being smooth in bone and in coat. He is, however, altogether too round in body back of fore legs to meet my approval. He has consequently no depth of chest. How he ever won a prize at Hampton field trials in 1877. Second went to Sam, black and white, ticked by Royal, ex Nina, while third went to William E. Leavitt's Sir Lancelot of Flushing, Long Island. He is a fine orange and white dog, and either this one or Sam would have suited me best for first. In standing near the field editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, who at the time was talking with Mr. Charles H. Raymond, of Morris Plains, I overheard him remark that he liked or fancied entry No. 283 better than any other animal in the English class. I soon afterward strolled toward that mentioned stall and found that it contained a dog called Stanley, by Orgill's Ray, and he by Pride of the Border, out of Dimity. The blood is rich, and while fancying myself Laverack Thunder, I could not help according praise to Stanley. The latter is a grand-sized, well filled out dog for his age—thirteen months—being deep-chested, well fore-armed, grand loins, joining a pair of hips as smooth and clean cut as can be. His head is all perfection, in all save his eye, which is rather small and light colored. His coat at flanks has also a wave, which I do not care for, but for all that he's a grand dog and better worthy of first place than St. Elmo. Thunder, though only getting a V. H. C., is a good little dog. As was said of the late Tom Sayers, so can be said of Thunder, "he is one of the biggest little ones ever put together." His chief faults, to my eyes, was his excessive broadness of thighs. Dr. A. Russell Strachan's Snooks I admired exceedingly. He is a peculiarly headed dog, it being quite flat, yet it was broad, more than well-nosed, and set off with a first rate ear. Depth of chest good, and legs well muscled and hard. He was passed over without a notice. Another good one was Orgill's Ray, sire of Stanley, above mentioned. A fine brace, perhaps I should write more panegyrically than that, was the brace called Royal and Saxe, and entered by T. D. Gladstone, of Bonneton, N. J. They were as a brace, the best there, being loined like a Durham ox, and heavy and powerful without lumber. Their blood good also, being litter brothers to Charles' dogs, and being by Royal, out of Nina. In the English bitch class were some very inferior animals. As a whole they were far below the dogs. First went to Lincoln, and Hellyar's black, white and tan—the white very much ticked, Minto. She was a good little bitch by Dash II. out of imported Doll; too small and being also fine we should not fancy her as a brood bitch. Herzberg's Kate II., although of the best blood, is not much larger than a spaniel; she was unplaced. Third went to black and white ticked Meg, owned by Samuel Scranton, of Olneyville, Rhode Island. This bitch was a fine one and much more fitted for first position than the one to whom it was awarded. Entry 334, Drake's Belle by Colburn's Dash ex Mullin's Belle, was another good one, though cut away too much under jaw, otherwise a good one. The dog puppies over six months old were thirty-four in number, and a poor lot at that. With but few exceptions they appeared weedy to a degree. First went to Charles' Wellington, a black and white, by Rock out of Nina. Second was captured by W. H. Pierce's Royal Pump, by Pride of the Border, out of Kate II. Both of these awards, I fancied, went to the blood, as they both were small to a degree. In bitch puppies, same age, Charles took first with Trickket, own sister and alike colored to Wellington. Second prize to Lloyd Kennel Club's Polka, by Pride of the Border, out of Kate II. Class 32, dog whelps under six months, first went to King Dash, by Morris' Lark out of Kinney's Belle. This was won fairly, as he was the best by odds in a poor lot of seven entries. In bitch youngsters, Thomas L. Watt got first with his orange and white Fannie F., a good, fair whelp, and also by Lark out of Belle.

GORDON SETTERS.—This class numbered from champions down to babies just seventy-four entries. A greater diversity of type and a greater diversity in the giving of awards was never seen. It was simply astonishing. Pig-jawed, snipe-nosed animals came in for just as much commendation as the broad-headed ones. The judging appeared as if each judge had been allotted so many premiums, and he had gone on his own ideas in affixing them, regardless of his associates. The consequence was a ludicrous medley in the style of the awards. In champion dogs, C. M. Pond,

of Hartford, took first with Tramp, a rather nice dog; it was a virtual walk over, for there were but two entries. In champion bitches S. W. Rodman's Nellie, a nice little bitch, was awarded first. In the open dog class, T. Forman Taylor's Turk took first. He was in superb form, his coat being like satin. I do not think him the best type of a true Gordon, as he has the long, narrow head and nose of the Irish, gotten, no doubt, from the blood of his grandsire, Putnam's Dan. Second went to Ed. L. Mille's Ben, another long-faced one. Third went to a snipy-nosed fellow, Brownell's Dash. Not even noticed was Aten's Fred, by owner's Glen out of Madge, yet I looked upon him as a rare good one. Aten's Glen, a grand dog in looks, and superb in size, only got a V.H.C., which I wondered at, yet I need not do so, for where there were no rules observed in judging, luck must then govern all awards. Entry No. 421, Bluff, was the old style and the form which I had until now considered the true type: broad head, large eyes, ears sitting slightly up on the head, and the nose short and blunt. The winner awarded differently. Where prize getting becomes a lottery, of what use is it breeding to a certain form? In Gordon bitches, first went to Lady Gordon, Aldine Kennel Club, of Chicago. A good, fair bitch, I thought, but not up to Tilley's Whip, which last mentioned is a capital one. Grace, also owned by Tilley, is getting along, and did not appear in as good form as she generally does. In the puppy class of over six months, all true Gordon type was discarded, and the winners were all of the Irish type, a fact which was patent to everybody, and disgusted all. Huntington's Duke, one of the most pronounced of this form got first, followed by one of the same kind, T. T. Sawyer, Jr.'s Scott. In bitches, same age, Schenck's Brenda, a rather fair slut, got first, with Powell's Dream, a more than good second. The small puppies deserve but little mention, save that in the bitches, the award was one of the worst ever bestowed. This winner, Garrett Roach's Nancy Lee, was a prick-cock-eared thing of worse than poor form and style. I was exceedingly astonished at this award. J. A. Hedden, of Newark, N. J., had a pair of eight weeks old babies, which were as good as Nancy Lee was bad.

IRISH SETTERS.—Breeders who from the lessons studied at previous bench shows, might have fancied they were breeding to a recognized standard found themselves at this exhibition all at sea. The true, narrow head and long nose which they had striven so hard to obtain, was here discarded in favor of the broad headed, pointed nosed foxy looking animals. Exhibitors were hot in their denunciations of the way the prizes went. They truly said, which is the form we are to breed to? If correct now, we have been judged in a wrongful manner for the last two years. If that form or type is the correct one, why then we are wrong now. Which is it? My impression is that John Davidson has English setters on the brain, and every strain of blood he judges, must conform to that standard whether pointer, or Irish or Gordon setter. It is provoking, however, to the man who has been breeding to a published standard, and that standard publicly recognized by the Westminster Kennel Club as its authority for two years, to find when he comes to show his dogs, that this standard is set aside, and nothing but the ideas of a judge are to rule or be the law by which his canines are to be criticised. There was more outspoken wrath by exhibitors in this class, than in any of the others, which were equally misjudged. In champions there were but two entries, of which the best was Rory O'Moore, by Rufus ex Friend, and he won his honors rightly. In the bitches were four entries. Red Rival, the winner, is a fair sized and put together, elegant looking bitch, of grand color, and so far ahead of her companions that there was no comparison. Second went to Lester Wallack's Ruby. I confess I could not here see the merit claimed. The music commenced in earnest upon the announcement of the awards in the open classes. First went to Derg, a good, solid dog, probably not the true type, but an undeniably good dog. Second went to Alfred Biddle's Grouse, and third to J. White Sprong's Smuggler. Boss, winner of second last year—belonging to W. R. Hobart—was only highly commended, yet he was in better form than last season. Judged carefully by the standard, he is without exception in this class, away ahead of the winner Derg, who, though good as he is, is too stocky and heavy to be a standard dog. Boss is up to mark every way. Long nosed, long headed, excellent color, without a white hair, he should have gotten first. The giving him a ribbon of H.C., was an insult under the circumstances. To show how things went, entry No. 498 a roan in color got a C. A coat which should have debarr'd him from this class entirely. In bitches there were sixteen entries. Of these Lincoln & Hellyar's Phantom took first. This was most unjust. She is a bitch of fair body, but with a regular foxy head, and the worst of pig jaws. How on earth she was ever awarded a first is a mystery to me. Second went to Sampson's Nara, another of the same style. Bassford, of Whiteplains, got third, with Gipsy, a bitch of no better quality and worse in color. I fancied more than any of these, John B. Miley's bitch Juno, by his Grouse, ex Charlie Catlin's imported bitch. She was more to the standard than any in this class. In puppies over six months, McIntosh's Biz took first, with Ripley's Spy a fair second. In bitches, Baltimore Kennel Club's Plounee II. justly took first, with Newbold's Lady Bird, not far behind as second. In young things P. Noel was first for dogs, and George T. Leach, in bitches, stood the same. I liked this young thing of Leach's as well as any I ever saw of her age.

RED AND WHITES.—This classification is a farce. Many animals were entered here which should have gone in the English classes, and full as many which should have gone in the Irish class. The class is an absurd one, and all premiums went as they would have done in an Irish class; to those dogs having the least white. Thus Montague, winner of second in open class, could fairly be called Irish, as he had but a speck of white, and his red was of the darkest. First, in the same class, went to Donner's Duke, to whom the same objection applied. The one I fancied more than any in the class was Breese's Dick, a capital young dog, well put together. To show the inconsistency of the class, I would mention in contradistinction to the all red dog Montague, the well known dog fancier, Dr. Gardner, showed an all white dog—Ben—with but the faintest tinge of salmon color on either ear. All the prizes, as I have stated, went I think in a most unjust manner to the nearly red ones. In bitches was another mistake. Of the seven entries, E. Lohman's Quail III, by Redgauntlet, ex-Quail II, was by far the best, yet only obtained second, while a much inferior bitch, Weighell's Bird, took first. Red and white puppies in both classes of over and under six months were a poor lot indeed. In the four lots were but seventeen entries, yet of these, with four exceptions, all were decorated.

WATER AND OTHER SPANIELS.—This was a small class, and first went, as it should, to Daniel D. Lawler's Mack, which dog was a good specimen of the strain. This showed to us that the judges—or at least one of them—knew a good spaniel when they saw one. Their next award attests their supposed knowledge by the giving of second to Lawler's Judy, whose tail instead of being that of a true water spaniel—rat like and destitute of hair—was feathered to the tip like a setter. Such judging may be honest, but it looks badly. In Clumbers we have the anomaly of the chairman of the executive committee making an entry and gaining an award; he reaches for a coveted prize, and there being little if any opposition, gains, as he did formerly, with the setter Lou, first. Cockers were a fair class,

but the judging was not. I had always supposed that a cocker was a field dog, but here the awards all went to the smallest animals. Dogs that would be and were, actually, unfitted for field work by their want of size, and fit only for a ladies pet. If cockers are wanted to fill the place of the almost lost King Charles strain, well and good. If, however, they are wanted, as I have always thought, for work in the field, in what light must we view the awards as given? First went to Frank T. Wall's little Toby; a beautiful toy but good for naught except to play with. Second to Percy C. Winter's Doctor Jr., also a little one, but to my eyes in better condition than first. Punch, a solid liver owned by Wm. Schwind, was a beautiful dog, as was also the liver and white Pedro of Dr. Withers; the latter with size enough to be of some service. In bitches, a little toy, a fairy of a thing owned by Weighell of Rochester, N. Y., walked off with first. This was astounding as she is a midget in size, and would be of as much use in the field after a woodcock as a tom-cat. Keasberg's Madge, a very nice black and white, was much more to our taste. In puppy class Frank Hollin's took first with Oxford.

POUNDERS.—Were a failure, in both number and quality. Only four couple were shown. Of these first went to A. Belmont, Purdy's Life Guard, and Favorite. Both crop-eared, which being deprived of the necessary pendant aright, sent them high up in the skull, giving a bad appearance to the head. Second to a pair of black, tan and white, entered by Henry Puvogel. I. Weighell's couple, Buck and mate, were old-fashioned in looks, and I fancied would run the legs off the other braces, in spite of Davidson's awards. Beagles were sixteen in number and a most inferior lot. The majority appeared crossed with the dachshund, having all the crookedness of leg of the latter, but without the length of body. First and second both went to E. H. Gillman, for his Charlie and Lottie, as mentioned. In dachshunds, out of the eight entries, but one only was good enough for an award. That is, in my opinion, although five were decorated by the judges. First went to Dr. Henry Gardner's Waldeman. There could be no mistake here, for he was the only true type of the strain in the whole lot.

FOX TERRIERS.—These were the dogs the Westminster Kennel Club prided itself upon, and they were welcome to them. As we have no badger-baiting, no fox drawing, and but little rat-killing, they are useless for anything but toys, and was it not for fashion would be little sought for. As it is, there were in all classes fifty-five entries. In dogs Mr. A. Newbold Morris went to the front again with his Gamester, thus repeating his victory of last season. Second in this class was Rattler II, a nice tight, little dog as one would wish to see. John Daly's Toss was also a capital dog, and should have been noticed. Thomas D. Burke, with his Vixen and Minnie, captured first and second respectively in bitch class. In puppies Messrs. J. and P. Lawrence got first for their dog Tyke III, and in bitch pups J. F. Ferguson went to the front with Fannie.

COLLIES.—Were a terrible lot, but sixteen in number, all told, puppies included. In dogs there was but one collie, the rest looked more like Gordon setters. The exception was W. H. Watts' Ray, a red fawn in color. This Ray is a good dog, except his ears, which were too much pricked and pointed. Nevertheless he was far the best. He first, the balance nowhere. In bitches, three entries, and not one worthy of an award. There were four entries in puppy class, and although three were ornamented not one deserved it.

DALMATIANS.—Only one entry, to which was awarded a first. This was one of the poorest specimens of the strain I have ever seen, and I confess by this faulty award my bile was stirred to a degree. As I do not wish to add injury to the insult of the judges, I shall mention no names.

BULL DOGS.—Eight entries and first prize to a worthless brindle brute, with so apparent a cross of the pug as to make the award an atrocious one. The broken nose and bulging eyes of the pug were seen in the mongrel, to the full as well as in the true pugs. Why old Sam Mitchell, the best connoisseur of the points of this strain living, would have gone into fits if he had seen where the blue ribbon hung.

BULL AND OTHER TERRIERS.—Thirty-one entries and not a fair exposition of the strain. Many of these were more like fox terriers and were undoubtedly of that blood. Others, noticeably entries 778 and 780 were nearly pure bull in blood and showed but little of the agile, compact, trim form of the bull terrier. First went to John G. Coster's Spider, a compact little fellow, pure white in color. Second to John N. Briggs' American Kate, also pure white. In bitches no second, and first to Huntington's white and brown Bessy. Skye terriers, class 78, had but fifteen entries, and not a fine specimen of the strain in the lot. I was surprised at this, for they are of the best of all the different strains of terriers. First, second, and third went to Robert McLellan's Tom, Lloyd Aspinwall, Jr.'s Puffy, and Miss Morse's Rough, respectively. Scotch class had eleven entries, the Fanny Fern of E. G. Baxter getting first place; Mrs. Gregory's Fanny, mustard-colored, second. Ribbons of commendation were more scarce in these terrier classes than in any other of the classes shown. Yorkshires were a good lot in quality and numbers, there being no less than thirty-seven entries. They are the pet toy of the ladies, not even excepting the much favored pug. First went in this class—over five pounds—to Thomas Kaalagher's Ben II., a diminutive blue, which had been washed and scented and curled oftener than is the "first" baby; second to Wm. Collins' Young Taylor, blue and tan; third to John Marriott's Ben, a really good animal, tan markings being capital. In black lettered ribbons there were but two granted, one, a V.H.C., to Kaalagher's Charlie, and a C. to another Charlie of the same owner, but six months younger. In the small class, under five pounds, fourteen entries, and it was hard to say which was best, all were good. First went to Mrs. W. A. Haines, Jr.'s Charlie, a lovely toy; second to A. Kisterman's Lucy, another beauty; while third went to W. Watson's Cricket. Black and tans were a moderate lot in quality, and in number thirteen. First went to John S. Bacon's Dick, a little thing with a nose as long as an alligator's jaw; this is one of the awards I could not understand. Second, S. VanDyke's Fanny, much more like the true type than first. Pure toys, cross breeds, had nine entries, of which Walter Hendin was first with his Judy. Not a single entry of the beautiful Blenheim spaniels, and but eight King Charles, and this the handsomest dog in the world for a lady's pet. I do not think there was a first-class dog in the lot. Myers who got first, was nearest the pure blood in looks, and deserved what he received, for he was away ahead of all the others. Second went to Tricksey, belonging to Miss Clara G. S. Long, the same record she obtained in 1878. Japanese spaniels, five entries, Mrs. Charles E. Pratt having three entries and taking first and second with Minnie and Flo; Ferdinand Senn, who got a C., had the other two entries, so that virtually there was no competition. Italians had nine entries. Pretty, delicate things that sat and shivered in their cages like monkeys with the ague. First went as usual to the most delicate, Miss Provost's Nannie, the same lady taking second with her Byron, a light-fawn colored dog, which looked as if a breath would kill him. The miscellaneous class contained the usual amount of nondescript rubbish. Among these, Russian setters that had not a drop of the blood in them; retrievers, poodles, Russian terriers, and the Lord only knows what else; certainly not worth the space occupied for us to enumerate them. Lester Wallack was awarded first for his wolf-hound Bevis, and

second went to a Maltese terrier owned by S. B. Mulvey; all the rest got medals, or black lettered white ribbons.

I have endeavored to convey your readers, my dear Mohawk, through the sporting and toy classes, and have striven to give them some idea of the dogs and the awards as made, as I went along. Now, my worthy chieftain, if I had but your gifts of brain and pen, this report would have been more concise, and more readable, but as you were not here in person, I have done my best, so both you and your readers will be kind enough to excuse all sins of omission and commission. Let us now walk back to what the Westminster Kennel Club, in its most faulty classification, calls No. 1. Before we get there, however, we will find first the pointers of the club, and anything but a nice lot they are. The best of them by odds Whiskey, and she gets her quality from Flash and Schieffelin's Juno. Sensation I have my own ideas about. People go crazy over his head, while I do not like it. It is not near the head in quality that Munn's Psyche is. There is no comparison. Bear in mind this is my individual opinion. His loins, which are almost universally condemned, I think better than his head. The stock, though, is too fine, too spindling, to breed successful field dogs. I would infinitely prefer Orgill's Rush, especially if the bitch was of good size and a little coarse. This is a digression. After the club's pointers, we come to the class referred to—No. 1. Here are the mastiffs. A fair lot, too. Wm. Forbes Morgan took first with his King Olaf. I fancied by his length that he has an outside cross in him somewhere. Second, went to Miss Hewitt's Hereward, a fine specimen. Third to Isaac Van Winkle's Cato. This latter is one of the best bred of this strain in the country, being of the celebrated Lynne Hall blood, and which blood was considered a few years ago the best in England. But kissing goes by favor, either from woman or in dog judging. In bitches, first went to Hugh Cooper's fawn Leah, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, with second to Henry Harley's Rah. Puppies, only three, and I fancied not one deserved mention.

ST. BERNARDS.—Were a good class all through, and numbered nine rough coated, seven smooth, and a nice lot of eight puppies. I thought that, take this class all through, it was better in conforming to a standard than any other class on exhibition. L. Z. Collins in first named, won first with his Alp, a tawny monster. Second went to Foster's Turk, a brindle and tan. But one bitch shown in this class, and she remained unplaced, to my regret. In smooth coated aged animals, seven entries, of which John P. Harris, of Mamaroneck, had no less than four. He took, as was natural, first and second in both dogs and bitches. He also took first and second in puppy class, but I liked for first place, and so did many who were better judges than myself, entry No. 524, the 11 months puppy Bernard, of Leroy Z. Collins, of Lancaster, Mass.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Twenty entries all told. A fair lot. I had always supposed that the Newfoundland was not of extraordinary size if purely bred, yet here the prizes went to the biggest dogs. First taken by Otto Plock's Keeper, a pure black in color, and a heavy weight. I thought him the largest dog at the Garden. Second to Hoffenheimer's Jack, of Jersey City, a good fair animal of good coat and good appearance. Puppies of this class did not show well.

SIBERIANS.—These overgrown, lanky, gigantic brutes, still find followers. They are so utterly worthless, so completely useless, that it is a matter of astonishment that they find owners. There were eleven entries, of which, number 80, Dr. W. Luhring's mouse colored Alex took first. Second went to the bitch Lily, an ugly headed brindle, with a litter of whelps. With your permission shall say nothing more of them.

GREYHOUNDS.—Were fifteen in number and a good fair lot. First went to F. W. Luyties' Prince, which award I did not like. He was too fine, too thin skinned, except in size and color was an Italian. Much too large for that, he was yet too small to be a typical greyhound, yet he captured first. Second went to Raymond J. Chatty's Fida.

DEERHOUNDS.—Comprised but five entries. P. T. Barlow took both first and second with his Thor and Malda. We missed from this class Dana's grand dog, which last season attracted so much attention. Thus ends this lesson.

THE EXHIBITION.—The show itself was a failure. Not in the number of dogs shown, but in the quality. There appears to be no fixed standard to breed up to. The consequence is, that one sees, in every class, specimens or types which are entirely out of place. In the number of visitors the show was also a failure. This I say advisedly. I have been for years in the habit of counting faces in political gatherings so as to form an idea of the numbers present at such times, and I should say that on Tuesday, the first day, there were not over six or seven hundred persons present all told. Wednesday was the best day of all, so far as attendance is concerned, and I thought three thousand at least were present. Thursday was a cold, disagreeable day, heavy showers fell during that day and everything was damp and uncomfortable. It exerted an exceedingly depressing effect, and the number of visitors dropped off one-half. Fifteen hundred would be a large estimate. Friday was another raw, unpleasant day, but with no rain. The attendance ran up to probably twenty-five hundred, but no more. If we deduct from this number the number of those holding free tickets, the complimentary, and the host of attendants, the margin of profit will be indeed small. I thought it could not but end in loss. The special prizes only numbered fifteen, a meagre lot. As to the judging I heard but one opinion; entire dissent. Those winning first and second were in most cases satisfied, but outside of this there was universal growling. Some even went so far as to question the honesty of the awards, one individual making the remark I telegraphed you, "that a thousand dollars would buy every prize." This I thought severe, but it was probably an outspoken thought, shared by hundreds, but silently. And so the curtain rings down upon the second failure of the Westminster Kennel Club.

LIST OF ENTRIES.

Class 1.—Mastiffs—Dogs. Miss S. C. Hewitt, Hereward (Turk-Juno); H. Russell, Unser Fritz (Pedro-Lady); B. Schieffelin, Pluto; Wm. Forbes Morgan, King Olaf (late Young Sultan); (Sultan-Comtee); W. Cruger Pell, Jowler; Frederick N. Owen, Major (Pluto-Venus); H. E. Pellew, Russ (Paris-Flora); A. D. Warren, Romeo; Isaac Van Winkle, Cato (Ajax-Dido).
Class 2.—Mastiffs—Bitches. B. Schieffelin, Juno and puppies; James Morrice, Carrie; Francis R. Appleton, Juno (Jack-Dido); H. E. Pellew, Flora (Pluto-Juno); Henry Harley, Rah; C. D. Arthur, Dido (Nero-Flora); Hugh Cooper, Leah.
Class 3.—Mastiff Puppies—Dogs and bitches. W. J. Fowler, Hector; Elsie Barlow, Duke; William Watson, Juno.
Class 4.—Rough-coated St. Bernard—Dogs. Demuth Bro., Bashaw; Hugh H. Baxter, Turk; C. D. Arthur, Rory (Leo-Dido). Herman Claussen, Barry; Daniel P. Foster, Turk; Julius Freygang, Bruno; Leroy Z. Collins, Alp (Ching-Martyr); E. Gruener, Nero.
Class 5.—Rough-coated St. Bernard—Bitches. Otto May, Flora.
Class 6.—Smooth-coated St. Bernard dogs. John P. Haines, Don and Harold; Mrs. J. Thorne, Jr., Bernard (Fido-Dinah).
Class 7.—Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitches. John P. Haines, Judy and Bernie; Barclay Germaln, Chamonix and Switz (Fido-Topsy).
Class 8.—St. Bernard puppies—Dogs and bitches. John P. Haines, Martin, Warren, Uno and Ino; F. B. Fay, Don and Cicero (Monarch-Alpy); Mrs. M. R. Tilleston, Fritz; Leroy Z. Collins, Bernard.
Class 9.—Newfoundland dogs and bitches. T. Saffers Hamilton, Doa; Ahm. Volk, Carlo; Dr. Ewd. F. Drayton, Floss; Wm. C. Heppenheimer, Jack; Wm. Stoddard, Jack; Geo. E. Talbot, Nero; Daniel Stuber, Nora; Charles F. Bahr, Carlo; Fred. Keller, Search; F. H. Shaw, Nep; E. H. Quantin, Roxie; John Clark, Nero; E. A. Gilson, Major; Otto Plock, Keeper; Thos. D. Burke, Dred.

Class 10.—Newfoundland puppies—Dogs and bitches. W. P. Thompson, Leo; J. F. Ferguson, Bruno and Susan; Sidney Whittemore, Presto; Harry V. Allen, Toby.

Class 11.—Siberian or Uim. Julius Gran, Flora and Sultan; Mrs. F. G. Byrnes, Louie; John W. Jones, Sultan and Prince; Fred. Wesson, Menia; D. W. Lubring, Hector and Alex; George Petermann, Lily; Charles Arrand, Growler; Gustave Schneider, Nellie.

Class 12.—Greyhounds. Raymond J. Chaffy, Fida; Henry W. Livingston, Charlie; John Stevens, Tom and Nellie; L. B. Broome, Duke, (Don-Frolic); Mrs. W. J. Fowler, Flash and Fleet; S. Thorne, Maud; F. W. Luyties, Prince; Robert L. Lee, Fan; Walter Brooks, Baron, (Major-Fanny); George Shepherd Page, Neptune, (Chingachgook-Juno); H. Stiner, Foadick; H. Stiner, Beauty Australindo; Thomas D. Burke, Max.

Class 13.—Deerhounds. Max L. Walters, Carlo; P. T. Barlow, Thor, (Thor-Malda) and Malda, (Thor-Malda); Luke W. White, Stanley; W. C. Osborn, Don.

Class 14.—Champion Pointers, over 55 lbs.—Dogs. C. DuBois and E. A. Wagstaff, Tili, (Guy I.-May); Lincoln & Hellyar, Snapshot, (Rap-Judy); G. A. Strong, Pete, (Phi-Prudence); John H. B. Latrobe, Jr., Bounce, (Dash-May); Irwin & Wadell, Sleasford, (Macgregor-Nina).

Class 15.—Champion Pointers, over 50 lbs.—Bitches. H. N. Munn, Psyche, (Trump-Bess); G. A. Strong, Fan, (Pete-Bell); Columbus Kennel Club, Belle and Fan; Edmund Orgill, Romp, (Ben-Bess).

Class 16.—Pointers over 55 lbs.—Dogs. J. W. Coffin, Rake II., Rake—Gipsy; John H. Meyer, Sport, (Sport-Bersha); Benjamin Peer, Don, (Young Ben-Nellie); Lincoln & Hellyar, Grog; W. R. Hobart, Rapp, (Don-Blossom); William F. Gill, Roger; Jean N. Bertrand, Dash; Dr. C. H. H. Sayre, Patch; Fisher Howe, Jr., Rex, (Jim-Whisky); W. A. Coester, Royal Don, (Snipe-Countess Royal); Frank L. Morrell, Frank; Dr. V. Zolnowski, Ben; E. Langdon Wilks, Tramp, (Sensation-Psyche); G. B. Paddock, Rock, (Pete-Fan); John F. Harrison, Dash, (Shot-Fanny) and Smuggler, (Dash-Fanny); J. L. Bright, Sport; Henry S. Howard, Leo, (Sensation-Meg); Rutherford Stuyvesant, Rounce, (Bob-Dizzle); Hubert Schenck, Ranger, (Pete-Fan); Nelson Cornwell, Rob, (Dash-Belle); S. T. Hammond, Brock, (Carl-Psyche); Thos. J. Harrison, Ned, (Ned-Nell); W. Lord Lane, Quaker; S. C. Cobb, Range, (Maghee's dog-Belle); J. J. Snellenburg, Pisk, (Button-Topsy); Columbus Kennel Club, Duke; I. Weighell, Curry.

Class 17.—Pointers over 50 lbs.—Bitches. H. C. Glover, (Gwendolin, Pete-Nell); David G. Hart, (Flash, formerly Flirt, Sensation-Lady Francis); Luke W. White, (Grace-Match-Nell).

Class 18.—Champion Pointers under 55 lbs.—Dogs. E. A. Willard, Sefton, (Sensation-Lily); Albert M. Wright, Dick, (Colonel-Flay); J. J. Snellenburg, Button, (Bob-Fan); Edmund Orgill, Rush, (Flake-Lily).

Class 19.—Champion pointers under 50 lbs.—Bitches.—A. E. Godeffroy, Queen, (Jim-Bella); J. J. Snellenburg, Topsy, (Old Phil-Nellie); Edmund Orgill, Rose, (Flake-Lily).

Class 20.—Pointers under 55 lbs.—Dogs. Geo. H. Everall, Ranger; W. E. Doane, Bob, (Bob-Bell); Baltimore Kennel Club, Black Prince, (Ranger-Fan); Thos. H. Terry, Chiswick, (Flake-Lily); David G. Hart, Mark, (Sauchoo-Queen); Guernsey L. Strong, Ben, (Pete-Mab); Frederick Schenck, Duke, (Donner's dog-Nelly); E. C. Burt, Link; Dr. Henry Gardner, Shot; Max Heilmich, Blick; (Dan-Kate); Otto Plock, Buster, (Sauchoo-Queen); J. J. Snellenburg, Toby, (Button-Topsy); Geo. C. Colburn, Tom, (Sensation-Colburn's Belle), not for competition; I. Weighell, Grouse, and —; Charles H. Booth, Tom; H. Hunecke, Ranger; John Gill, Dash, (Dash-Grouse); L. I. Stockwell, Mat, (Sensation-Dorcas).

Class 21.—Pointers under 50 lbs.—Bitches. Geo. Van Wagenen, Dutches, (Sensation-Whisky); C. H. Stevenson, Nell, (Snipe-Queen); W. R. Hobart, Julie, (Ned-Una); H. Hedeman, Gyp; Milo Seagars, Judy, (Spot-Nell); K. Lamb, Elf, (Sensation-Belle); A. E. Godeffroy, Dora, (Sauchoo-Queen); I. E. Jones, Nelly II., (Ponto-Nelly); Geo. C. Colburn, Belle, not for competition; Edmund Orgill, Belle, (Flake-Lily); G. G. Barker, Princess, (Ranger-Fan); J. W. Russell, Eileen, (Sensation-Daisy); C. DuBois and E. A. Wagstaff, Minnie, (Sensation-Whisky); C. M. Lamson, Belle; L. I. Stockwell, Flirt, (Sensation-Dorcas).

Class 22.—Pointer puppies over 6 and under 12 months old.—Dogs. O. W. Donner, Sly, (Sensation-Queen); William S. Allen, Lex, (Boua-Joe); J. W. Coffin, Dick, (Rake-Buff), and Frank, (Rake-Buff); Wm. F. Steele, Glenmark, (Rush-Romp); Geo. Van Wagenen, Garrie, (Flake II.-Duchess); Lincoln & Hellyar, Snapshot II., (Snapshot-Gipsy); Garrett Roach, Van, (Flake II.-Duchess); H. N. Munn, Pundennis, (Sensation-Psyche), and Olive Newcombe, (Sensation-Psyche); N. J. Hendrick, Fayon; W. R. Bodmer, Ranger, (Dan-Nell); Dr. E. C. Allen, Monarch, (Ranger-Queen); G. A. Strong, Tramp, (Pete-Mab), and Rocket, (Pete-Mab); Edward J. Forster, M. D., Brandy, (Sensation-Psyche II.); F. B. Gillespie, Polo; Dr. Henry F. Aten, Frank Forrester, (Rush-Romp); A. E. Godeffroy, Ranger, (Sensation-Queen), and Random, (Sensation-Queen); S. T. Hammond, Frost, (Ranger-Bess); Columbus Kennel Club, King Charlie, (Native-Fan); Jacob Ram, Montauk, (Sensation-Daisy); Capt. A. Elmdorf, Ned Forrest, (Rush-Romp); Edmund Orgill, —, (Sensation-Rose); Charles M. Schleffelin, Ponto, (Sensation-Juno); Fred Howson, Lord Dufferin, (Dash-Fan).

Class 23.—Pointer Puppies over 6 and under 12 months old.—Bitches. L. Donner, Carmen, (Snapshot-Gipsy); J. W. Coffin, Venus, (Rake-Buff); Lincoln & Hellyar, Rose, (Snapshot-Gipsy); S. Fleet Spier, M. D., Lady Jefferson, (Frank-Beauty); Theodore Meyer, Lady, (Samurai-Fan); W. A. Coester, Royal Peggie, (Ranger-Queen); G. A. Strong, Mollie, (Pete-Mab), and Rena, (Pete-Mab); W. A. Gladson, Flirt; Columbus Kennel Club, Queen May, (Native-Fan); I. Weighell, Fleet, (Don-Lolo); Edmund Orgill, —, (Sensation-Rose); Charles M. Schleffelin, Beauty, (Sensation-Juno), and May, (Sensation-Juno); Fred Howson, Lady Dufferin, (Dash-Fan).

Class 24.—Pointer Puppies under 6 months.—Dogs. Mrs. O. B. Gallup, Jack; J. W. Coffin, Dash, (Rake II.-Juno); C. DuBois and E. A. Wagstaff, two (Till-Minnie).

Class 25.—Pointer Puppies under 6 months.—Bitches. No entries.

Class 26.—Champion English Setters.—Dogs. Peter H. Morris, Lark, (Duke-Dido); Lincoln & Hellyar, Frank II, (Frank Dolly); T. T. Sawyer, Jr., Royal Ben, (Carlowitz-Lucy); Max Heilmich, Grouse; Von Lengerke Bros., Jersey Duke, (Dash-Jessie).

Class 27.—Champion English Setters.—Bitches. E. F. Merrelliott, Grace, (Don-Pet); Fred A. Forsyth, Di; Jesse W. Starr, Jr., Rhoda, (Quince II.-Judy); D. T. Charles, Nina, (Rufus-Sai), and Rose, (Royal-Nina).

Class 28.—English Setters.—Dogs. D. T. Charles, Sam, (Royal-Nina), and Britton, (Royal-Nina); William P. Shannon, Joe; Isaac Carpenter, Brandt; O. W. Donner, Ranger II, (Ranger-Wonder); W. A. Linn, Czar, (Sauchoo-Bess); F. O. De Luze, Knickerbocker, (Paris-Fear); P. H. Morris, Czar, (Leicester-Petrol); W. E. Mercellott, Will, (Quail-Grace); Archibald Watt, Dick, (Dash-Lady); J. H. Caughy, Emperor Nicholas, (Carlowitz-Orphina); S. Fleet Spier, M. D., St. Elmo, (Pride of the Border-Jessie); George Vassar, Don, (Pearo-Buck); Garrett Roach, Zip, (Dan-Elsie); Thomas F. Ryan, Sam, (Blueblood-Bess); J. C. Wenner, Frank, (Sport-Fuller's bitch); W. H. Sanford, Boss; John A. Loring, Star, (Drake-Diana); Charles DeRouge and H. Imman, Promise, (Pride of the Border-Flash); O. E. De Navarro, Breeze, (One-Eyed Sancho-Flora); William E. Leavitt, Sir Lancelot, (Pete-Dell II.); Gus Adelmann, Jr., Rule, (Dash-Quince); J. R. Schuyler, Dike, (Rob Roy-Mell); A. W. Levy, Young Lark, (Lark-Juno II.); B. W. Richards, Lark II, (Lark-Juno II.); George F. Hecker, Zip, Jerry, and Tom; A. Russell Strachan, M. D., Snook; A. F. Eckert, Snipe, (Dudly-Perse); Isaac Ferguson, William, (Rock-Fan); Timothy D. Gladstone, Royal, (Royal-Nina) and Saxe, (Royal-Nina); Duncan J. Stewart, (Dash); W. H. Hopper, Dan, (Dan-Nell), and Prince, (Dan-Nell); Frederick Fitzmeyer, Prince; H. G. Dugan, Frank, (Frank-Sis II.); A. D. Warren, Dan, W.; C. L. Ritzmann, Duke, (Grouse-); Frank D. Harmon, Dick, (One-Eyed Sancho-Bertha); W. S. Elmdorf, Stanley, (Ray-Bess); Harry Vyse, Jim, (Casse-Fan); W. F. Klingland, Dash and Sport; Aldine Kennel Club, Don John, (Charm-Fanny); W. Heibertson, Shot, (Sauchoo-Fanny); J. A. Hedden, Sam, (One-Eyed Sancho-Flora); W. M. Tilston, Pengo; W. Williamson, Rone, (—Fan); Edward Taylor, Sancho IV, (One-Eyed Sancho-Nellie); J. J. Snellenburg, Thunder, (Pride of the Border-Fairy), and Count Dan, (Carlowitz-Queen-Bess); Columbus Kennel Club, Bronte, (Leicester-Victoria); I. Weighell, Dan; David P. Waters, Grouse, (Cozy-Romp); Frederick O. Gill, Ray, (Pride of the Border-Dimty); John M. Rogers, Prince, (Fred-Kate); Arthur Duane, Chance, (Deacon-Kate); Von Lengerke Bros., Jersey Hawk, (Tanner-Beauty); G. Shaw, Tray; C. DuBois and E. A. Wagstaff, Jim; Miss Wagstaff, Joseph; Baltimore Kennel Club, Beverly, (Rob Roy-Livy); John L. Grubb, Joe; E. S. Sanford, Jr., Speiro, (Dick-Daisy).

Class 29.—English Setters.—Bitches. William F. Ely, Pink, (Dash-Fan); E. F. Merrelliott, Pet, (Sam-Bertha); Baltimore Kennel Club, Calzema, (Afton-Alice); E. C. LaMontagne, Abbey, (Young Laverack-Dido); F. Campbell Moller, Belle, (Uno-Reby); Lincoln & Hellyar, Minto, (Dash II.-Doll); S. Fleet Spier, M. D., Wanda, (Paris-Pearl); Alfred Schnabel, Alma, (Young Laverack-Flash); and Phyllis, (Young Laverack-Flash); Lloyd Kennel, Kate II, (Blue Prince-Old Kate); B. P. Clark, Fanny, (Sultan-Belle II.); Samuel Scranton, Meg, (Pete-Smut); Chas. DeRouge and H. Imman, Glen, (Pride of the Border-Dimty); J. A. P. Montant, Lenah; H. Ebers, May, (Lark-Nell); J. A. Booth, Topsy; Geo. Abbott, Beauty, (Pete-Grace); W. Tallman, Jennie, (Dick-Gyp); A. E. Warner, Kate, (Don-Bat); Chas. J. Fagan, Gypete, A. E. Godeffroy, Nelly II, (Ranger II.-Nelly II.); Jas. P. Swain, Di, (Percy-Belle); A. D. Warren, Livy II.; Aldine Kennel Club, Donna Mary, (Charm-Fanny); J. A. Hedden, Joan, (One-Eyed Sancho-Flora); W. M. Tilston, Psyche; N. M. Drake, Bell

(Dash-Belle); J. J. Snellenburg, Peers, (Prince-Lill II.), and Phoebe, (Belton-Dimple); I. Weighell, Fan; P. Noel, Rosedale, (Lincoln-Fairy); Jas. Lowry, Daisy; Von Lengerke Bros., Jersey Fly, (Tanner-Beauty).

Class 30.—English setter puppies over six months.—Dogs. H. E. Kline Smith, Pride of the Katerskills, (St. Elmo-Bonnie-Bess); A. Heilmann, Yankee Ranger, (Ranger II.-Lassie); W. A. Galloway, Topsy, (Milo-Killarney); Baltimore Kennel Club, Beacon, (Gladstone-Frost); S. Fleet Spier, M. D., St. Elmo II, (St. Elmo-Bonny-Bess); Dr. H. A. Rosenthal, Galando, (Spot-Flora); Henry Alterbrand, Malt, (Ranger II.-Lassie); Dr. Nelson Place, Major, (Quail-Bess); Milo Seagars, Wonder, (Sank-Fanny); Wm. M. A. Hoffman, Towner; John M. Roach, Dan II, (Dan-Belle); The Lloyd Kennel, Prince Teck, (Pride of the Border-Kate II.); O. Plock, Sutan, (Frank-Beauty); Edward P. Slevin, Jake; G. R. Slayton, Balton III, (Beaton-Flores); I. Weighell, Sport; W. H. Pierce, Royal Pomp, (Pride of the Border-Kate II.); D. T. Charles, Wellington, (Rock-Nina); J. Crooks, Fox, (Rock-Nina).

Class 31.—English setter puppies over six months.—Bitches. D. T. Charles, Trick, (Rock-Nina); Henry Evans, Lilly, (Rock-Nina); Geo. C. Sterling, Delta, (Belton-Floss); J. O. Donner, Lass, (Ranger II. Lassie), and Lady, (Ranger II.-Lassie); Dr. H. A. Rosenthal, Angelica, (Spot-Flora); James T. Miller, Daisy, (Sank-Fanny); A. R. Warner, Queen Bess, (Ranger II.-Kate); The Lloyd Kennel, Polka, (Pride of the Border-Kate II.); A. E. Godeffroy, Donna, (Ranger II.-Lassie); J. R. Slayton, Floss II, (Belton-Floss); H. B. Hall, Jr., Nellie; Charles Green, Belle; Charles Wright, Gipsy, (Ray-Nellie).

Class 32.—English setter puppies under 6 months.—Dogs. John Mildeberger, Lark, (Lark-Fan); D. W. C. Cole, Sport, (Lark-Fan) and Bowon, (Lark-Fan); E. C. LaMontagne, Cremorne, (Promise-Abbey); W. Clark, Frown, (Don-Fly); Thos. L. Watt, King Dash, (Lark-Belle); J. O. Donner, Jasper, (Ranger II.-Belle).

Class 33.—English setter puppies under 6 months.—Bitches. John Mildeberger, Gypsy, (Lark-Fan); E. E. Hale, Lilly, (Will-Jully); D. Baxter, Kate, (Will-Jully); John A. Jarvis, Gypsy, (Lark-Fan); A. E. Godeffroy, Topeka, (Brussels-France); Chas. H. Dayton, Belle of Cortlandt, (St. Elmo-Tip); Thos. L. Watt, Fannie F., (Lark-Belle); J. O. Donner, Lester, (Ranger II.-Belle).

Class 34.—Champion black and tan setters.—Dogs. Nassau Kennel Club, Knight, (Dash-Belle); C. M. Pond, Tramp, (Dash-Belle).

Class 35.—Champion black and tan setters.—Bitches. Wm. Stanley, Belle, (Joe); Nassau Kennel Club, Nell, (Echo-Bess); S. W. Rodman, Nellie; A. E. Godeffroy, Beauty, (Ned-Juno); W. M. Tilston, Lou, not for competition; I. Weighell, Belle; Theo. F. Taylor, Fan.

Class 36.—Black and tan setters.—Dogs. Remsen Rushmore, St. Laurent, (Glen-Border Lily); Joseph Colson, Sport, (Bob-Belle); George S. Sedgwick, Jack Jr., (Joe-Mab); S. Fleet Spier, M. D., Romeo, (Gypsum-Daisy); Dr. Gouverneur Smith, Gypsum Jr., (Gypsum-Fan); Allan Marquand, Range, (Dash-Maudie); Albert M. Wright, Prince, (Monarch-Lou); S. D. Schenck, Gypsum II., (Romeo-Daisy); F. W. Maulin, Conn, (Rapp-Kate); D. E. Blizard, Dick, (Duke-Nora) and Sport, (Duke-Nora); Chas. T. Brownell, Duke, (Tom-Chloe) and Dash, (Tom-Chloe); S. Fleet Spier, Gypsum, (Don-St. Kilda); David G. Hart, Dexter, (Bob-Got); John G. Skinner, Luke, (Tom-Chloe); A. E. Godeffroy, Tandem, (Ned-Juno); Arthur F. Vyse, Ned; Dr. Henry F. Aten, Bob, (Glen-Nellie Horton), Glen, (Dash-Belle), and Fred, (Glen-Madge); F. Forman Taylor, Turk, (Dash-Belle); Geo. C. Colburn, Duke, (Dash-Belle); A. D. Laws, Bluff, (Dinks-); Edward L. Mills, Ben, (Grouse-Bell); Richard J. Maher, Pupp, (Duke-Kate); L. G. Billings, Fred, (Ponto-Diana); Thos. D. Burke, Regent, (Monarch-Lou).

Class 37.—Black and tan setters.—Bitches. Dr. J. W. Downey, Dream, (Gypsum-Fan); Lawrence Curtis, Bess, (Don-Nellie); Nassau Kennel Club, Belfast, (Dash-Nell); S. Fleet Spier, M. D., Jacqueline, (Romeo-Daisy); James R. Tilly, Whip, (Duke-Gypsie) and Grace, (Duke-Jessie); Henry S. Kinsley, Bessie B., (Grouse-St. Kilda); Aldine Kennel, Lady Gordon, (Grouse-Belle); J. A. Hedden, Bess, (Joe-Flora); Jno. White, Flora; F. Freudenthal, Nelly F.; H. Hunecke, Fan.

Class 38.—Black and tan setter puppies, over 6 months.—Dogs. H. W. Huntington, Duke, (Grouse-Lou); William Stanley, Duke, (Joe, Jr.-Belle); Dr. G. W. Carmen, Shot, (Joe, Jr.-Belle); James R. Tilly, Warwick, (Rupert-Whip) and Gordon, (Rupert-Whip); W. Mansell Daintrey, Buzzler; W. M. Tilston, Donald, (Grouse-Lou); I. Weighell, Jake and Joe; T. T. Sawyer, Jr., Scott, (Reuben-Nellie); J. W. Downey, M. D., Grouse II, (Grouse-Lou).

Class 39.—Black and tan setter puppies, over 6 months.—Bitches. A. Powell, Dream, (Mack-Belle); John P. Barnard, Jr., Ruby, (Reuben-Nellie); Geo. S. Sedgwick, Louisa Doone, (Joe, Jr.-Belle); S. D. Schenck, Brenda, (Grouse-Lou); I. Weighell, Well; William H. Pierce, Maggie May, (Prince-Fannie); Mrs. William Borrowdale, Tip, (Tip-Smoke).

Class 40.—Black and tan setter puppies under 6 months.—Dogs. Garrett Roach, Powder, (Mac-Duchess); J. A. Hedden, —, (Duke-Bess); S. Fleet Spier, M. D., Brighton, (Gypsum-Wrag).

Class 41.—Black and tan setter puppies under 6 months.—Bitches. Garrett Roach, Nancy Lee, (Mack-Duchess) and Aggie, (Mack-Duchess); J. A. Hedden, —, (Colburn's Duke-imp-Bess).

Class 42.—Champion red setters.—Dogs. Lincoln & Hellyar, Dash, (Grouse-Flirt); Wm. N. Callender, Rory O'Moore, (Rufus-Friend).

Class 43.—Champion red setters.—Bitches. Lincoln & Hellyar, Flora, (Top Till II.); Lester Wallack, Ruby; Aldine Kennel, Red Rival, (Ranger-Rose); I. Weighell, Breeze.

Class 44.—Red Irish setters.—Dogs. R. W. Rives, Quail, (Rover-Ruby); Baltimore Kennel Club, Derg, (Bob-Fan); Wm. Forbes Morgan, Limerick, (Plunkett-Juno); W. R. Hobart, Boss, (Dan-Ruby); Mrs. J. H. Wainwright, Crusoe, (Scott-Maudie) and Scott II., (Scott-Maudie); J. White Sprong, Smuggler, (Rufus II.-Colleen); J. A. Jameson, Jr., Ben, (Jack-Nell); Gus Adelmann, Point, (Duke, Jr.-Luff); Henry DeGroot, Dash; Jacob DeGroot, Dash; Charles J. Ketchum, Red Dick, (Elcho-Jessie); W. Tallman, Pat, (Plunkett-Kathleen); J. D. Cheever, Bob, (Rufus-Fan); Alfred Biddle, Grouse; Geo. Emlen, Ned, (Frank-Jessie); David G. Hart, Scout, (Plunkett-Carrie); John E. Develin, Rattler, (Plunkett-Moya); D. B. Keeler, Ranney, (Pat-Floes); A. D. Laws, Ring, (Elch-Jessie); Wm. P. Asten, Preston and Baron; A. E. Godeffroy, Dash, (Ned-Juno); E. E. Hale, Dash; M. A. Hanchette, Jeff, (Duke-Bell); Lincoln & Hellyar, Chance II, (Chance-Maybee); W. M. Tilston, Limerick II, (Limerick-Flora); Thos. J. Conroy, Buck, (Ruby-Fannie); Robert Drammoud, Duke, (Flash-Nelly); Columbus Kennel Club, Tom Brown, (Khalf-Lillith); I. Weighell, Jerry; John H. Murray, Rufus, (Dale-Juno); H. B. Darney, Jr., Dash, (Dash-Lilly); C. DuBois and E. A. Wagstaff, Sankey, (Buck-Lillie); J. R. Halsey, Barney; Jas. N. Whelen, Terrence, (Rufus-Moll II.); J. Miley, Grouse.

Class 45.—Red Irish setters.—Bitches. Geo. Van Wagenen, Mag, (Dash-Fannie); Max Wenzel, Doe, (Buck-Flores); Dr. J. W. Downey, Kathleen, (Rufus II.-Colleen); A. B. Simmonds, Bess, (Tom-Bess); Fred J. Allen, Julia, (Sout-Elch); William Lambert, Peg, (Tam-Lady); G. W. Bassford, Gipsy; Albert A. Sampson, Nora, (Elcho-Fire Fly); John B. Miley, Juno, (Grouse-); Chas. Ketchum, Royal Rose, (Elcho-Flora); A. D. Warren, Peg W.; Lincoln & Hellyar, Phantom, (Dash-Flora); A. E. Godeffroy, Moya, (Palmerston-Rouge); Aldine Kennel, Rose, (Ranger-Rose); D. S. Cowles, Bess; H. R. Bishop, Kathleen Mayvornee, (Plunkett-Moya).

Class 46.—Red Irish setter puppies over 6 months.—Dogs. Sidney Dillon's Kipley, Spy, (Duke-Belle); Max Wenzel, Fox, (Jack-Doe), and Yankee, (Jack-Doe); Wm. A. McIntosh, Biz, (Dash-Flora); G. H. Budlong, Jerry, (Dash-Gypsy); P. Noel, Dancer; G. W. Bassford, Cardinal, (Gypsy-Dash), Dexter, (Gypsy-Dash), and Gloster, (Gypsy-Dash); S. L. Fraleigh, Sol Palmer, (Count of Orange-Nelly); Abraham Bassford, Chester, (Dash-Gypsy); Robert S. Well, Jr., Rex; C. V. V. Sewell, Moore; G. F. Hawley, M. D., —, (Elcho-Nell).

Class 47.—Red Irish setter puppies over 6 months.—Bitches. C. A. Cushman, Juno II, (Grouse-Juno); Baltimore Kennel Club, Florence II, (Elcho-Flourence); Lincoln & Hellyar, Marie; G. W. Bassford, Magenta, (Gypsy-Dash), and Carnation; J. D. Cheever, Kitt, (Elcho-Nell); S. L. Fraleigh, Blanche, (Count of Orange-Nelly); T. Newbald, Viscountess, (Guy-Countess), and Lady Bird, (Guy-Countess); J. W. Yard, Dunslick; A. E. Godeffroy, Goody Two Shoes, (Frank-Beauty); P. Noel, Clara.

Class 48.—Red Irish setter puppies under 6 months.—Dogs. Chas. R. Hobart, Flame, (Joe-Ruby); and Free, (Joe-Ruby); Geo. T. Leach, Brock, (Bosco-My Duchess); P. Noel, Con the Shaughran, (Joe-Ruby II.); Geo. F. Hachser, Zig, and Zag; M. P. Bray, True, (Dash-Kate).

Class 49.—Red Irish setter puppies under 6 months.—Bitches. C. B. Fitzmaurice, Nora Rhine, (Elcho-Nellie); Stuart Denham, Lillie D, (Buck-Bess); Geo. T. Leach, Countess, (Bosco-My Duchess); M. P. Bray, Trim, Pearl, and Ruby, (Dash-Kate).

Class 50.—Champion red and white setters.—Dogs. J. W. Fassitt, Jim Herly, (Frank-May).

Class 51.—Champion red and white setters.—Bitches. No entries.

Class 52.—Red and white setters.—Dogs. Wm. L. Bess, Dick; Max Wenzel, Jack, (Rory-Judy); J. O. Donner, Duke, (Dan-Belle); W. Kampfmuller, Scott, (Shot-Daisy); Chas. DeRouge and H. Imman, Montague, (Dash-Lill III.); P. Noel, Begorrah, (Plunkett-Bess); Arle Lathrop, Fritz; J. A. Booth, Bosen, Algier, and Neptune; Walter Man, Chips, (Jack-Kate); W. A. Taylor, Bismarck, (Frank-Fan); G. Arthur Kuly, Bill, (Snipe-Fanny); Edward Dodd, M. D., Snow, (Dash-Clio); Elliott Smith, Don; J. J. McLaughlin, Panch, (Dash-Bonita); John Haggard, Joe, (Dash-Bonnet Carre); Joseph Taylor, Dick Connolly, (Dash-Bonnet Carre), and Jim, (Dash-Bonnet Carre); Dr. Henry Gardner, Natty Bumpoo, Ben, and Frank; H. B. Topping, Percy Jr, (Percy-Bella); H. W. Booth, Beppo; J. D. Pike, Van; F. S. Cheser, et al.; George C. Colburn, Mac; John White, Dick; John B. Voskamp, John B. Voskamp, (Frank-Belle); Rufus Story, Pet, (Smoke

—Bonnet Carre); George S. Sedgwick, Bang, (Chance-Phyllis); W. H. Teasdale, Spot; J. W. Fassitt, Dash, (Dash-June); Frank Furness, Frank, (Dash-June), and Brau Bouvar, (Frank-Belle); C. DuBois and E. A. Wagstaff, Dick, (One-Eyed Sancho-Dove); Dr. J. W. Downey, Red Gannett, (Thorstein-Loo II).

Class 53.—Red and white setters.—Bitches. Edw. rd Lobman, Quail III, (Red Gannett-Quail II.); M. J. Clark, Gyp, (Lark-Nellie); J. A. Booth, Flora; Albert A. Kingland, Don; Mrs. Susan Taylor, Bonnie and pups, (Dash-Bonnet Carre); I. Weighell, Bird; George Purdue, Dell, (Rufus-Belle).

Class 54.—Red and white setter puppies over 6 months.—Dogs. C. C. Worthington, Shot, (Guy-Lassie) and Shell, (Guy-Lassie); James R. Wood, Jr., Rip, (Ned-Flora); R. T. Hewitt, Mike, (Elcho-Nell); George S. Sedgwick, Simon, (Bang-Nellie).

Class 55.—Red and white setter puppies over 6 months.—Bitches. James T. Miller, Kit, (Sank-Fanny); H. Hedeman, Flirt, (Count of Orange-Nellie); R. T. Hewitt, Nell, (Elcho-Nell).

Class 56.—Red and white setter puppies under 6 months.—Dogs. James Bryce, Jr., Dick, (Carlo-Nelly II.); George Langran, Marquis of Lorne, (Elcho-Nell); Charles F. Lund, Flash, (Alp-Moselle); William Burges, Grouse Jr, (Dash-Flora).

Class 57.—Red and white setter puppies under 6 months.—Bitches. William Burges, Limoges, (Dash-Flora); Mrs. Kampfmuller, Juno, (Scott-Fan); James Bryce, Jr., Dixie, (Carlo-Nelly II.); W. G. Murphy, Elena.

Class 58.—Chesapeake Bay dogs or bitches.—No entries.

Class 59.—Irish water spaniels.—Dogs or bitches. Chas. A. Reed, Mallard, (Sport-Nellie); John P. Hanlon, Duck, (Wallace-Jessie); P. E. Gleason, Jack, (Drake-Juno); G. B. Paddock, Frank, (Pete-Fan); Sam Simmonds, Dash, (Wallace-Jessie); Thos. Cosgrove, Jessie, (Wallace-Nellie); Daniel D. Lawler, Mack and Judy.

Class 60.—Clumber spaniels.—Dogs or bitches. R. W. Cameron, Fly and Dash; F. Austin, Nap, (Carlo-Muff); W. M. Tilston, Trimbusch and Fairy, (Duke-Floes).

Class 61.—Cocker or field spaniels.—Dogs. Percy C. Winters, Doctor, Jr., (Doctor-Brownie); Fred. H. Hoe, Witch, (Romeo-Juliet); Wm. Schwind, Panch; Archibald Watts, Frank, (Dash-Lady); W. H. Jordan, Prince; Daniel P. Foster, Charlie; Wm. L. Bradbury, Eba; Frank T. Wall, Toby; E. Yard, Jr., Walf; J. Williams, Prince, (Nimrod-Flora); Alfred D. Withers, Pedro.

Class 62.—Cocker or field spaniels.—Bitches. D. P. Bosworth, Gyp, and Clare, (Nimrod-Gyp); Frank C. Hollins, Feather; Fred H. Hoe, Madge, (Snip-Juliet); Geo. D. McDougall, Brownie, (Dash-Mellie); Geo. M. Keasberg, Madge, (Peanut-Sport); Arthur L. Sawell, Wig.

Class 63.—Cocker or field spaniels, puppies—Dogs or bitches. D. P. Bosworth, Bertha, (Dandy-Clare); Frank C. Hollins, Oxford, (Shot-Feather), and Trump, (Shot-Feather); Fred H. Hoe, Snap, (Witch-Madge); Chas. W. Barker, Grace B., (Sam-Flora); J. L. Morrill, M. D., Flake, (Dandy-Clare); A. E. Godeffroy, Fleury, (Shot-Lou); C. D. Moss, Dandy, (Sam-Daisy).

Class 64.—Foxhounds.—Dogs or bitches. A. Belmont Parry, Life Guard, (Lord Waterford's Liberty—Lord Wilton's Momo); and Favorite, (Mr. Watson's Singer—Lord Waterford's Famous); Charles Nicoll, Hunter, (Rule-Sue), and Diamond, (Rover-Sylph); Henry Phogel, Tyler, and Bismarck; Luke W. White, Don; I. Weighell, Buck and mat.

Class 65.—Beagles.—Dogs or bitches. A. Butler Duncan, Lassy; The Montclair Hunt, Rambler, (Countess-Trumper), and Equity, (Monitor-Faithful); William L. Bradbury, Major, Crafty, Bell, Malt, Finder, (Chanter-Lady Bird), Frolic, (Tower-Music), and Ruby, (Ranter-Roxy); Henry Fette, Sport, and Ben; I. Weighell, Anson, and mate; E. H. Gillman, Charley and Loda.

Class 66.—Dachshunds.—Dogs or bitches. Baltimore Kennel Club, Cora; Wm. H. Goetting, Zanke; C. D. Arthur, Diederich; Wm. Scheele, Don; Wm. H. Goetting, Bergmann, (Zanke-Waldman), and Diana, (Zanke-Waldman); Dr. Henry Gardner, Waldman; Christian Elsasen, Waldman.

Class 67.—Fox terriers.—Dogs. A. Newbold Morris, Gamester, (Tyke Pearl), and Nibs, (Gamester-Feelee); James Paige Stinson, Lottery, (Tichborne-Meta II.); I. P. Lawrence, Paulo, (Pantalone-Gaida); John Daly, Toes, and Brisk; F. R. Hiltchcock, Bounce; Thomas Gill, Spot, (Spot-Fan); E. C. Burt, Snap; L. M. Rutherford, Jr., Mash; George B. Elliott, Taps, (Gamester-Feelee); Sam Simmond, Grip; Thomas D. Burke, Victor, Hornet, (Settle-Vandal), Snap, Tyrant and Rattler II, (Rattler-Violet).

Class 68.—Fox terriers.—Bitches. Thos. D. Burke, Minnie, (Frith-Vic); Vixen, Nettle, (Tartar-Vixen), Cricket, and Daisy, (Rattler-Fly); Daniel Craft, Gyp, (Gamester-Gyp); Robert C. Cornell, Pixie, (Gamester-Feelee); Wm. Barclay Parsons, Kate, (late Tyke, (Tyke-Flirt); Frederick W. Fleck, Suss, (Sir Charles—Right at Last); I. P. Lawrence, Nettle, (Guy-Wasp); Charles Walton, Young Nettle, (Arful-Crafty); James Mortimer, Topsy, (Jester II.-Venom); David G. Hart, Nettle, (Chance-Buffet); L. M. Rutherford, Jr., Zip; James H. Elliott, Toots, (Gamester-Feelee).

Class 69.—Fox terrier puppies (dogs). A. Newbold Morris, Tyke III, (Gamester-Nettle); I. P. Lawrence, —, (Paulo-Nettle); Thos. Orgill, Nip; Fred, Goodridge, Venture.

Class 70.—Fox terrier puppies (bitches). J. P. Lawrence, —, (Paulo-Nettle), and —, (Paulo-Nettle); Chas. Walton, Nettle, (Trap-Nettle); Geo. Snook, Crafty, (Arful-Crafty); J. F. Ferguson, Fannie, (Gamester-Gipsy); Egerton Brown, three by Trap-Fly; Fred, Goodridge, Puss.

Class 71.—Collies (dogs). John P. Haines, Roy, (Yarrow-Swallow); Allen S. Appgar, Kof, (Wallace-Bonnie Doon); Henry F. Dean, Ponto; W. H. Watts, Ray, (Marquise-Queenie); W. McLellan, Friday, (Tom Ridley-Flora), and Flora II.; Jas. G. Oton, Spot; Madame L. L. Nielsen, Dick; Chas. Lorey, Cato.

Class 72.—Collies (bitches). John P. Haines, Lassie, (Toss-Queen); Allen S. Appgar, Florie, (Rob Roy-Matcap), and Fashion, (Scott-Matcap).

Class 73.—Collie puppies (dog or bitch). Wm. Embury, Tan and White, (Collie-Fannie); N. Pendleton Schenck, Tam, (Shep-Flora), and Di.

Coach dogs.—One entry.

Bull dogs.—Eight entries.

Bull terriers.—Thirty entries.

Bull terrier puppies.—Five entries.

Skye terriers.—Fourteen entries.

Pugs.—Dogs, twelve entries; bitches, nine entries; puppies, two entries.

Scotch terriers.—Eleven entries.

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N. ROWE,

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THE MILITARY POSITION AT LONG RANGE.

Throughout the country, but especially in the East, there seems awakening in military circles a greater interest in rifle practice than has heretofore been manifested; and as we have always advocated that our citizen soldiery should devote more time and thought to the acquirement of a knowledge of their weapons, we feel satisfaction at noting that the National Rifle Association is agitating the question and inviting discussion on permitting competitors in military matches to shoot in other than the prone position in distances over two hundred yards.

The position to be adopted at long ranges for military matches, whether the soldier should be allowed "any position" or be confined to the present military position is of importance, and is exciting considerable interest.

First, let us then look at "any position." It is chiefly by the general adoption of the back position and its variations—feet to the target—that our long-range marksmen have acquired such fame. The principle of all the variations is the same, that of using the legs as a rest for the rifle; the advantage of the position is in this rest. It enables the marksman to hold steadily onto a desired point. The point is desired because by use of wind-gauge and other mechanical arrangements it has been calculated that an aim taken on it will give the best results. The back position then is used because it is the best rest without using artificial means.

With military rifles we have no adjuncts to accurately determine the place to aim at, experience and the eye alone being available in estimating wind, light and atmospheric pressure. If, then, with the military rifle we are not allowed such adjuncts to accuracy as exist, there must be cause for it; and we can find these reasons: First, time is required for their manipulation and adjustment; second, they are very delicate and not adapted to rough usage; third, they are nearly valueless unless the distance of the target is known. This last reason is of itself sufficient to put them entirely beyond military use, for in active warfare the hand and eye must rely upon experience alone in estimating distances, science not having yet discovered a handy and simple means of judging distances available for momentary use. There is the stadiometer it is true, but it can only be used by a party, and in estimating the distance from a stationary object. A regiment or company might carry one and sometimes find it useful, but a single soldier, or even a file of men, would have more trouble to take care of their range-finder than to dodge the enemy's bullets.

Inasmuch, then, as the eye is the only means allowed in actual warfare, we have no need to adopt a position slow of acquirement, introduced to obtain a rest, whereby an ascertained desirable point may be steadily held on to, and the only benefit of which is in matches where artificial rests are debarred.

Again, we think that a soldier's experience in seeking cover in the face of an enemy is to fall forward and not backward, and that he does so because it is the most natural way, and he wants to get to work as quickly as possible, and to use his eyes to the best advantage; neither of these can he do on his back, consequently the back position would be discarded in actual warfare, except, perhaps, for use in fortifications or entrenched positions.

The Bodine, or prone, position we consider, therefore, to be the best possible military position for long-range shooting. First, the man occupies the least vertical space and affords the smallest mark possible; second, he can load and fire quickly with but very little moving; third, it is not uncomfortable; fourth, it gives the best position for the use of stone, billock or what not for a rest; fifth, it is the most advantageous for observation.

The sole benefit of target practice and drills is to teach the hand and eye to work together, and for this reason the most natural positions should be adopted; for, under excitement, nature exerts great force, and it would be folly to teach a man to shoot from his back for the sake of using his legs as a rest when nature tells him to get down on his belly and rest his rifle on a fallen tree trunk.

To teach a man that which he has no use for is like sticking a smoke-stack into a sailing-vessel. The latter might be of use in carrying off smoke from between decks when the ship is on fire, and the former would, perhaps, be useful when a man was so sore in front that he could only lie on his back.

When our soldiers are all armed with long-range rifles and have a fatigue party of Chioamen apiece to carry the adjuncts to accuracy, we may take time to consider further the idea of the back position. But as the present tendency is to keep behind the age in the armament of our citizen soldiery, it is advisable to teach them how best to use the tools they have rather than to experiment with weapons they never can carry in the field.

For these reasons we are in favor of the prone position; but at the same time we should like to have the opinions of some of our military marksmen who are experts with the long-range weapon. Let us hear from all; our columns are open for discussion.

DOMESTICATING FOREIGN GAME BIRDS.

The introduction of foreign game birds with a view to acclimatizing them is attracting considerable attention, and from the efforts made in that direction, within a few years, we shall have as naturalized citizens many varieties that we know of now only by reputation or by acquaintance made through a visit to the countries to which they are indigenous. This, however, provided the gun of the pot hunter and game butcher be spiked, and the traps and snares of the game thief be destroyed.

Not only are efforts being made to domesticate foreign birds, but with those of our own country the experiment is being tried of introducing them where they are not to the manor born, and re-stocking grounds which they once were familiar habitants of and have been exterminated from. Such action deserves the best commendation, and speaks well, not only for the increas-

ing interest in the protection and propagation of our game birds, but is also evidence of our civilization.

There is no reason why America should not be the sportsman's paradise. Blessed with a variety of climates suitable for the cultivation of every cereal and the growth of every living plant from the tropics as well as the arctic regions, peculiar facilities are offered for the domestication of the game birds of every country, which, with the large variety of our domestic birds, with proper protection, could not fail to give us the finest sport in the world. All that is necessary is protection, and if we can but educate the public up to the importance of protecting our game birds we shall have done the one thing lacking.

It is a fact that that which we have every day with us and have been accustomed to see from childhood up, we are apt to regard as of but little value compared to that which we have never seen before and which is new. It is a curiosity, and the fact of being so is of itself sufficient to commend it to our greater consideration than that which we have with us all the time and regard as common. On this principle we look forward to good results accruing from the importation of foreign birds. The ruthless destruction of them would, without doubt, meet with censure and condemnation by the public. If, therefore, we can get them interested in the protection of the foreign birds, it is not speculating too largely on probabilities to expect the sentiment to develop and grow, and finally to include our native birds. The results in this direction, as well as being desirable to add to our varieties of game birds as many as possible, make the experiment well worth trying.

The San Francisco Sportsman's Club is not behind in the propagation of game. At the recent regular monthly meeting the following members were nominated to be voted for at the next meeting in May: President, W. W. Traylor; vice-president, A. M. Ebbetts. Directors—W. W. Traylor, A. M. Ebbetts, Charles A. Morse, A. W. Scott, and Benjamin E. Burling.

After the report of the treasurer, which showed a cash balance of \$1,551.34, had been accepted, we learn from the *Pacific Life* that Mr. J. K. Orr stated that the committee on introduction of game birds, had had a correspondence with a Mr. Vivian, an English gentleman, relative to the subject matter, and that he would send to the club twenty-five or more pairs of partridges, and as many pheasants from his own estate, and would secure more from his neighbors and friends. He also presented a letter from George A. Lloyd, colonial treasurer of New South Wales, Australia, stating that it was impossible to get a stock of pheasants there, as there were only a few pairs in the colony, put on private preserves for purposes of propagation. But the birds were very abundant in New Zealand, and he was confident that he could get the governor of that colony to send what are required. California salmon, he said, had been successfully introduced into Tasmania and New Zealand, but not yet into New South Wales. They had also learned by correspondence that Bob Whites were abundant on Whithy Island, in the Straits of Georgia, and could be obtained and brought to San Francisco at a reasonable cost. They had also written to a person in St. Paul, Minnesota to learn about getting a supply of prairie chickens. They had learned that there were parties in Africa from whom could be obtained the migratory quail from that country, a hardy bird, about two-thirds the size of the California quail, and one that has been successfully acclimated in Vermont and England and in other countries. The cost would be but \$10 per hundred, and the expense of transportation only nominal. The committee spoke of the destruction of quail by pot-hunting, trapping and shooting out of season in the bay countries, and recommended that a few hundred dollars be spent in re-stocking the country within a radius of fifty miles of San Francisco with the valley quail. The report was received and the committee discharged. The chairman stated that fishing would commence in Lake Merced on the 12th inst. The water in the upper lake was not as clear as desired for fishing at that time. The club will meet again the first Wednesday evening in May.

TOURNAMENTS.

The Tournament season is fast approaching, and opens with a grand shooting tournament at Ringwood Park, Clinton, Iowa, May 6th, and continues through the 7th and 8th, under the management of Messrs. Thomas Stagg, of Chicago, and Ed. Callender, of Clinton. Nine hundred and fifty dollars in regular cash prizes (ninety-five per cent to fill or pro rate) will be distributed in five purses of \$100 to first, and four prizes of forty, thirty, twenty and ten per cent, and a team shoot of two in which the first prize is \$200, and four prizes of forty, thirty, twenty and ten per cent.

The same week, commencing May 7th and continuing through the 8th, 9th and 10th, the tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, takes place at Waco. There will be seventeen contests at birds and balls (single and double rises), the prizes in which are cash and very handsome donations of silverware and sportsmen's goods. The cash prizes vary from \$50 to \$25.

May 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17, the Louisville Gun Club hold their tournament at Eclipse Park, when there will be \$8,500 distributed in prizes, divided into sixteen purses of from \$100 to \$500 in value. It will be class shooting, and at single and double rises. The members of the club will shoot for a \$50 gold badge, presented by the president, for the best score at five double and five single rises. On the last day, Saturday May 17, the grand inter-state match will be shot for \$2,500 a side and the cost of the birds, between Kentucky and Tennessee, the team to consist of fifteen men on each side. The Louisville Gun Club gives \$50 to the member of the Kentucky team making the best score.

The Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's tournament is to be held at Marshalltown, May 20, 21, and 22. Eleven purses are offered, varying from \$15 to \$100 in cash, besides a Parker gun, valued at \$150, a Nichols & Lefever gun, valued at \$100, a Scott gun worth \$100, a silver trophy for the club shoot, valued at \$150, a champion gold badge valued at \$50, and numerous other prizes useful to sportsmen. The shooting will be at birds and balls, and both single and double rises. The association rules to govern.

At Peoria, May 27, 28, 29, and 30, the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament takes place. Purses valued at \$350, \$470, \$200 in gold, \$435, and \$300 in gold are offered, besides which are four other shoots, single and double rises, the purses of which are forty, thirty, twenty and ten per cent. In addition also are several special prizes. Messrs. Parker Bros., John A. Nichols, and E. E. Eaton donate a gun, and D. H. Lamberson, a Remington Creedmore rifle. The \$200 gold cash prize is open to any two members of an organized club in the United States; and the \$300 gold cash prize is for a four-team shoot, open to any organized club in the United States. The two-team shoot is at 10 single birds, and the four-team shoot at 15 single birds each. The entrance to each shoot is the price of the birds.

THE NEW YORK SHOW.—We give in this issue the able and exhaustive report of the New York Dog Show, from our special correspondent. We had intended replying to the gush of that unreliable and piratical journal, the Great Consolidated, over its false figures of the entries of other shows, its false statements

about the success of the show, the quality of the dogs and the popularity of its judge, John Davidson, but defer doing so until next week, when we will have the statements of the other journals to back our reporter's statements up that the show was a failure. With the exception of a few dogs those in the sporting classes were a very inferior lot. The entries were smaller than either 1878 and 1877. The judging gave much dissatisfaction. In some instances Mr. Davidson judged from the catalogue. The number of visitors was less than either 1877 or 1878. Mr. Davidson's own section of the country showed its appreciation of him by not entering. The only Western dogs were the Topeka Kennel Club's Bleaford, the Nassau Kennel Club's (St. Louis) three black and tan setters, the Aldine Kennel Club's (Chicago) and the Columbus (Ohio) Kennel Club's dogs. The dogs of these two last mentioned clubs were entered, not as an endorsement of Mr. Davidson or in support of the Westminster Kennel Club's show, but because the owners wanted to sell them. With but a few exceptions the owners of the best dogs in the East kept aloof from the show also. But then we will leave the further discussion of the subject until next week when we shall show the inward hollowness of the whole thing. In the interim look at the entries of the Philadelphia show, and there the Westminster Club and Mr. Davidson will find their condemnation.

BOGARDUS' GALLERY.—Captain A. H. Bogardus has moved to Chicago, which will now be his headquarters, though he will visit state fairs and shooting tournaments to give exhibitions, as of yore. He has established, at 158 S. Clark St., a shooting gallery. This is an entire departure from the ordinary run of shooting galleries, for in addition to the rifle gallery there is admirable room and conveniences for glass-ball practice. Here the visiting sportsman can turn in and try his hand at glass balls either from the trap or a la Carver; here can be shot quiet matches in perfect privacy, for the trap shooting portion of the gallery is divided off from the store in such a way as to secure it. The light is well arranged and gives the shooter perfect control of the ball for a time long enough to break it if he shoots straight.

Novices may here receive instruction in wing shooting from the very highest master of the art that the world has ever known, and men who have never known the pleasure of bringing down a flying object may here learn for the first time that powder and shot can annihilate space.

Eugene Bogardus will give aspirants to honors with the rifle, exhibitions of his skill with this weapon, and tell them how they, too, may become as mighty as Carver, if they will practice.

Altogether we think the Captain has started an enterprise that will be remunerative to himself and a benefit to sportsmen, for during the worst weather the trigger finger may be kept in practice.

THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES.—The *Tribune*, who takes upon itself to speak *ex cathedra* on all subjects regarding the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, has, as usual, put its foot in it, by stating that the Club had taken action on the entries in the stake races of the June meeting, which the *Tribune* claims to have been improperly made, and had decided that, "should any of such entries win the events in which they were engaged, the money would go the second horse." There has been no such action taken by the Club, nor has the subject even been discussed at any meeting of the executive committee. The judges' stand will be occupied by the ablest and most experienced turfmen of the country, and to them will be left the decision, according to rule, of any disputed points which may arise. The *Tribune's* blunders on matters pertaining to the trotting turf are bad enough, but whenever it touches on the running turf it is amusing to see the infant gasp and struggle in its frantic efforts to get out of the deep water it has strayed into. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and other papers which have copied the *Tribune's* unauthorized statements, will do well to refute them.

PERSONAL.—On Monday last we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Luther Adams, who was on his way to his farm at Storm Lake, Iowa, where he will remain for the next three weeks. He reports the prospects for the Boston show the most flattering. . . . Mr. Don J. Robinson was in the city last week. The Great Western Circuit, he thinks, will be a greater success this year than any previous year. . . . Mr. Charles Parker, of Messrs. Parker Bros., West Meriden, Conn., was in the city the early part of this week. Mr. Buel Lamberson, representing the same firm, remained over for a couple of days last week on his way West. . . . Professor Linden returned to Buffalo on Saturday last. He pitched his tent at Clinton, Iowa, and reports having had some fair shooting, but owing to the cold weather he did not get as many snipes as he expected. . . . We are pleased to learn from the Lake City *Leader* that our friend S. B. Dilley has purchased one of the pleasantest and most desirable residences in Lake City, being the one formerly owned by Mr. S. M. Emery. If any one deserves a good share of this world's goods it is S. B. Dilley.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.—The interest in the National American Kennel Club's field trials, which take place next November, is very great, as we are constantly receiving inquiries when they will be run and under what rules. The rules will soon be published and the location will be decided as soon as the president, E. C. Sterling, has been able to decide the most suitable, which can not very well be done until September or October, when the quantity of game can be definitely determined. However, the grounds will be in either Illinois or Indiana. The entries will doubtless be very large. There are rumors of some English dogs coming over to run. Mr. John A. Nichols, the well-known gun-maker, of Syracuse, very generously comes to the front with a very handsome donation, a solid silver cup worth one hundred and fifty dollars, to be run for by dogs under three years, the winner to own it.

FEARFUL SLAUGHTER.—The Albany *Evening Journal* states that: "Notwithstanding the stringent game laws in force in this state, and the fact also that a game constable is elected in every town at the Spring election, the illicit slaughter of deer in the wilds of the Adirondacks goes on without abatement. It is estimated that on a clear, bright day, no less than 500 men and as many dogs are engaged in this merciless pursuit." This shows which would be the most efficacious—a co-operative game law, or vigorous public opinion against such slaughter.

SNIFE SHOOTING.—Owing to the weather, which yet continues very cold, the snipe have not reached the vicinity of Chicago in very large numbers. The largest bag we have heard of was made by Mr. Abe Kleinman, he having shot forty-six on the Calumet marshes; the others' bags have been from ten to twenty. Duck shootings only fair; but the golden plovers are numerous on the prairies, and afford good shooting.

THE STUD BOOK.—The first volume of the stud book, or kennel register of the National American Kennel Club, is ready to be delivered. The price is \$2, and can be had of the secretary, John W. Munson, St. Louis. Mr. Munson is ready to receive pedigrees for the second volume. See advertisement.

THE PHILADELPHIA SHOW.—The entries to the Philadelphia show have closed, the limit, we understand, 735 dogs, having been reached. The quality of the dogs is superb; among them are the cracks. Besides those mentioned by us last week, the St. Louis Kennel Club have entered their recently imported Faust and Zeal, and Bow and Clytie. Mr. L. H. Smith has entered Paris and Dart. The double field trial champion Drake has been entered for exhibition, which will afford those who have never seen him the opportunity, which they have long wanted, of seeing him.

ENFORCING THE LAW.—The Kent County Sportsmen's Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is ever on the alert to prevent any violation of the game laws. Our correspondent, Olkoi, writes us that Dr. E. S. Holmes, president of the Kent County Sportsmen's Club, has made complaint against Thomas Martin, accusing him of violating the game law in exposing quails and wild ducks for sale out of the season. Constable Martij served the necessary papers on him, and Justice Sinclair will investigate the case.

THE N. Y. STATE MEETING.—The Monroe County Sportsmen's Club, of Rochester, under whose auspices the convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held, are making strenuous efforts to get birds for the tournament, and expect to have sufficient so as to hold it the first week in June. The prize list this year will be unusually rich. Tatham Bros. donate a very handsome prize—a bronze clock and two side-pieces of exquisite workmanship.

TO BE ENLARGED.—In about two weeks we shall enlarge the CHICAGO FIELD four pages, by putting a handsome cover on it. The increase in our circulation has been so large this year that we can afford to do it, and the demands on our advertising columns make it a necessity, as we have absolutely on more than one occasion been compelled to leave advertisements out, not having room for them, and being unwilling to reduce the quantity of our reading matter.

THE COCKRELL FUND.—We have so far received toward the fund for the benefit of Jerry Cockrell, \$7; Mr. E. T. Martin donates \$5, Mr. Louis Russell, Dayton, Ohio, \$1, and Mr. B. Holmes, Guthrie, Ill., \$1. We hope before our next issue to have received other donations. There is no reader of the CHICAGO FIELD but who can give something, and we hope each will do it.

GOING TO TEXAS.—Mr. E. Garrison, of Syracuse, N. Y., leaves in a few days for Texas, and will be present at the Texas State Sportsmen's Association convention at Waco, May 7th. He will represent Mr. John A. Nichols, the well-known gun-maker of Syracuse, and will have with him a fine assortment of his guns, for which he will take orders.

THE HARDCRABBLE CLUB.—The Hardcrabble Club, composed of Henry H. Shufeldt, George A. Shufeldt and Thomas Lynch, of Chicago, and W. H. Holabird, of Valparaiso, Ind., have leased a large tract south of Valparaiso, Ind., and erected a neat club house. They have extra fine snipe shooting now.

THE O'LEARY TOURNAMENT.—The indications are that the champion seventy-five hours' walking tournament will be a success. There are already several entries, and numerous inquiries from others who have signified their intention of entering.

DR. COUES.—From the *National Republican*, of Washington, we learn that Dr. Elliott Coues has met with a very sad bereavement. His son, Charles Page, four years and one month old, died on the 8th instant, of meningitis.

POISONING DOGS.—Owners of dogs must look out for poison. The police have been provided with poisoned meat, and are ordered to poison every dog found on the street unmuzzled.

THE BOSTON SHOW.—Remember the entries to the Massachusetts Kennel Club show close April 21. The winner of the \$500 gold prize will win the richest prize ever offered.

WANTED.—We want volume 7, numbers 13 and 20 (May 12th and June 30th, 1877).

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1879.

Texas State Sportsmen's Association, Waco, May 7th.
Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, Omaha, May 13.
Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Marshalltown, May 20.
Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Peoria, May 27.
Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Salina, Oct. 14.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of president.
New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Rochester.

Draco's Duck Shoot at Martin's Lake.

CRESTON, IOWA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Having completed my business at the Council Bluffs term of the last U. S. District Court, I concluded to accept the invitation of my friend, Charles Campbell, and accompany him on a duck hunt to Martin's Lake, some ten miles south of Council Bluffs. My friend, who is of the firm of Raymond & Campbell, extensive bridge builders and contractors, had just completed a new boat, constructed especially for duck shooting; and Thursday morning saw us mounted on top of said boat, behind a team of good, stout horses, driving through the city on our way to the shooting grounds. Our strange cavalcade excited some comment, which we bore calmly, until a small boy gathering his clans, commenced poking fun at us under the pretense that we were the advanced wagon of some circus. This was more than Charlie could stand, and a charge of No. 1 shot brought this embryo Mark Twain to grief, and relieved us of any further jokes of that kind.

Our drive was a pleasant one, and eleven o'clock found us at the lake side ready to launch our boat, which, being soon accomplished, we embarked for the cruise.

The first thing to be done was to christen our punt, and Charlie insisted that as I was the guest of the occasion the duty devolved upon me. Seizing the implement he handed me, which bore a strong resemblance to a bottle of Chapin & Gore's "old crow," and elevating one end of it toward the skies, I with uncovered head, pronounced the name of Gertie, following which, the silence was broken only by a peculiar gurgling sound resembling somewhat the pouring of water from the bung-hole of a barrel; passing the christening implement to my companion, the same name was pronounced, followed by a similar breaking of the silence, and the ceremony was completed. In selecting this name

for my friend's boat I was prompted by recollections of Florence, Kansas, and of the stately form of the beautiful Kentucky Gertie, who there ministered to the wants of the hunters of prairie chickens. Alas, will those days or their like ever return? Our boat, like her namesake, proved staunch as well as handsome, and besides leaked not a drop.

Martin's Lake, or more properly speaking, lakes, is a continuous chain of ponds, of varying size, but covering altogether some 2,000 acres, extending in a northerly and southerly direction, and bordered in part with scattering timber. Sculling our way to the southern end of the main lake, where we had concluded to anchor, and place our decoys, a solitary red-head was caught napping and as it rose, fell to a charge of No. 4 from my trusty "Parker." Having found a good location we placed our decoys, and proceeding to the shore, cut a lot of willows, which, with the weeds floating around us, made a fine blind of our boat. While cutting the brush two mallards fell to my lot, Charlie being too busy as yet to shoot any. Having completed our blind we proceeded to take an observation, with the assistance of a cylinder-shaped dark glass instrument, and settled down under cover to await the coming of the ducks. Our location proved well chosen and we soon had quite a number of ducks in shape for bagging. A lull then occurred, and as it was about 2 p. m., we concluded, after taking another observation, to investigate the contents of our lunch-basket. The result was eminently satisfactory, bread and butter, cold ham, bologna, etc., etc., disappearing rapidly under the devouring influences of hunter's appetites. While at lunch we heard every few minutes in an easterly direction the bang, bang of some hunter. The rapid discharge of both barrels at such short intervals aroused our curiosity, and Charlie finally decided to land and endeavor to find out the party who was fortunate enough to enjoy such shooting, whereas we had not seen a single duck for the last half hour. I decided to accompany him. We soon reached a small pond and found the shooting was being done by an amateur sportsman of Council Bluffs, who was noted for hunting by himself, and always reporting a fine bag, and also for always giving his birds away before reaching the city. Saluting our friend, who by the way is a thorough German, we inquired as to the kind of sport he was having.

He replied, "Just the best ever was seen."
At this moment the heads of a pair of small ducks, called in this section "di-dappers," came to the surface, and our Teutonic friend, throwing his gun to his shoulder, fired both barrels almost simultaneously, but not so quickly but that both ducks were beneath the surface before the second discharge.

"Dats just the seest time I shoot em. Dunder and blitzen, but I get him yet." We concluded to help our friends, and at the next appearance, were successful in turning them over. Judge of our surprise, when Chris, instead of thanking us for our assistance, broke out with, "You shust play hell, you fellers; you shust spoil mine whole afternoon sport. Dem two ducks shust last me till sun goes down, and you shust kill em." Sadly and quietly we withdrew from the scene, wondering over the diversity of opinions covered by that one word "sport," and sincerely trusting our friend might be successful in finding two more ducks to amuse himself with till sundown. Returning to our boat we, "observed," and then awaited the evening flight. Soon the creak, creak of the geese and brant high overhead, as they left the course of the Missouri in search of food and rest for the night, gave us warning to be ready. About an hour before sunset our sport commenced, and from that time until it was pitch dark, we had some killing shooting.

We were well tired, and the night giving promise of being warm, we concluded, as we were two miles away from the house where we had engaged beds, to take our chances in the boat. This also gave us the advantage of being on hand early for the morning shooting, and also of gathering the next day the dead ducks which were strewn around us. After vesper and a "night cap," we cuddled down side by side in the bottom of our craft, and soon surrendered to the charms of "the sweet restorer, balmy sleep." The last sounds I remember were the melodious voice of my friend singing the old sexton's song, "I gather them in," with a running accompaniment of "quack, quack, quack," from the ducks feeding close by us in the surrounding darkness. We closed our eyes in pleasant anticipation of a warm, balmy night; but, alas, "man proposes, but God disposes." About 1 a. m. we were awakened both by sharp lightning and loud thunder, and in a few minutes the rain was pouring down, as though no promise had been given that the earth should not be again flooded, while to complete our misery, the wind had changed to the north, and had changed from balmy to chilling. For four long, weary hours, we lay and took it all in, mentally and bodily, with the one consoling thought that this rain would make the ducks fly.

Daylight at last, and wet and cold, but not discouraged, we roused ourselves and "prepared to gather them in." We were as successful at this as we were in getting wet, and our morning shooting was fine, and the sun having come out warm we were soon laughing at the discomforts of the night before. There was but one thing lacking to fill the measure of our joy, and that was hot coffee. A resolution was introduced and passed as the "unanimous sense of the meeting" that the next time we would have with us the necessities for hot coffee in the morning. We had another fine evening shoot, and at dark, taking our traps and game into my friend's spring wagon, leaving our boat in the charge of Mr. Martin, a worthy farmer, who owns the lakes upon which we had been shooting, and a very large farm adjoining, we were soon bowling along toward the Bluffs and at 10 p. m. over a hot oyster supper, were discussing the various events of the hunt just over, and laying plans for future ones. If in the future I can always have for a companion as jolly a fellow, and as true and gentlemanly a sportsman as Charlie Campbell, I shall consider myself fortunate indeed. I shall not undertake to tell how many ducks we brought home, for fear Schneider would pitch into me again, or else some unfortunate devil might say "That's a lie," and require me to "affidav" the facts. Suffice it to say that we had enough to supply all our friends within reach, and to spare.

DRACO.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

BY MNEMOSYNE.

"SOME PUMPKINS."

"It's your turn now."
Hank Ivermore shoved his books closer toward the fire, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, stretched his six feet of humanity, yawned, and replied:

"Did I ever tell yer, boys, of ther big pumpkin that grew on ther old man's farm on ther Susquerhannah?"

"Never. Let's have it."

"Wa-al, yer see ther old man—"

"What old man, Hank?"

"Why my dad. Who did yer think?"

"From ther very respectable manner in which you spoke of him we were at a loss to imagine. But go on with ther story."

"Story? Good Lord!" and he turned up his eyes and raised his hands in apparent astonishment that his veracity should be questioned. His veracity never was, and answered: "Story? Did yer ever know me ter tell anythin' but ther hard pan truth? I hain't lied all these ar years ter bergin ter lie now."

"It was unnecessary for one who must have sucked in the entire Ananias doctrine, body and books, with his mother's milk," whispered Dick Mayo aside.

"Yas," continued the frontiersman, I allers stick ter ther truth as clus as ther back of er tree or ther skin of er eel. But as I was sayin': ther old man lived down on ther Susquerhannah when I war er youngster; had er farm and raised all kinds of truck, 'specially pumpkins. Golly! what pies we used ter have then! They warn't none sich miserable leetle thin things yer see now erdays but erbout er foot thick and backed in er wash tub! Jest ther rousnest kinn of pies, you bet."

"It must have taken considerable of the raw material to compound them," suggested Dick.

"Wa-al (reflectively), yas, but we raised grain and hogs and—"

"Flavoring, I suppose?"

"Ther old woman didn't use none of yer store stuff, be we could get saxe-fass and wintergreen in plenty ter season 'em with."

"Great Jehosaphat!" yelled Dick Mayo falling back and rolling over in convulsions of laughter. Pumpkin pies baked in washtubs and seasoned with sassafras and wintergreen was too much for him!

"I don't see anythin' ter laff at," growled Hank. But he was too much accustomed to such outbursts and too thick skinned to have them produce any lasting impression and proceeded undisturbed: "Wa-al one Fall we raised more pumpkins than ornary—er new kind—great, big, yaller hided fellers and gist lived on pies."

"How much I regret I did not board with you! Of all the delicate dishes in the world pumpkin pies flavored with sassafras and wintergreen carry off the belt! I know those pies will be the death of me yet."

"Ef I had one on 'em heah and red hot, I'd stick yer in head fust, and see how yer'd like that!" snarled Hank. But a little(1) swallow of bold face soon quieted his indignation at the interruption, and he proceeded: "And yer never seed vines run as them ar did. I've hearn tell of punkin vines, arter they had been dosed with guanner growin' so fast as ter catch er fellow ber fore he could get out of ther field. Wa-al, these ar could beat them ar all holler. And they war't any on yer leetle, sickly lookin kind nuther, but big eround as er saw log."

"I wish I could procure some of the seed," remarked Dick, drawing down his face in the most matter of fact manner possible. "Then I would take a contract to furnish all the great cities with water and sewer pipes."

"Wa-al, they would be fust class fer that, but would't do at all fer prisons."

"Because they would be so big ther prisoners could all crawl out and carry ther baggage with them! But I'm gittin' sleepy and must finish ther yarn. Ther punkins war planted on ther flat erlong with ther corn and jest run over everything—fences, trees, and all, and inter ther river so as ter make er dam that we had ter take axes and cut erway."

"I have heard of rivers being d—d, but never in that fashion before," laughed Mayo.

"Prehaps, but it am gospil truth! Wa-al, we gathered as many of ther punkins as we wanted and let ther rest rot, and didn't think any more about 'em. But when killin' time come we could't find one on our biggest and best sows, and arter sarchin' fer days jest give her up and made up our minds that she had wandered off and bin killed by bars or maybe got carried off in ther fresh. Howsomever, when ther Spring come and ther old man and I war over ther river fishin fer suckers—"

"And you flatter yourself you have caught some now," put in Dick, sotto voce.

"Arter suckers, we come enter jest ther biggest punkin I ever set eyes on."

"The vine had run across ther river, and it had grown there! sartin, in er leetle kind of er thicket, so that it could't be seen without yer stumbled right on it. 'Wa-al, I says ter ther old man, 'I'm goin' ter measure that ar punkin,' and we stepped toward it, when we hearn ther offest noise and somethin' came tearin' out, and I hollered, 'Bar,' and we both took ter ther trees, fer we hadn't any weepens. Wa-al, arter er leetle, we saw plainer, and what do yer think it war, boys?"

"A wild cat, perhaps."

"No, it war our old sow, and nineteen pigs. Yer see, she had got ercross when ther water war low, and littered, and she and ther pigs had lived in that ar punkin all winter, and hadn't more'n half eaten up ther inside when we found 'em. I tell it that ar war er big punkin, boys!"

Dick Mayo was reduced to the situation of the man—a noted swearer—who on one occasion held his tongue "because he couldn't find any words to do justice to the occasion," and passed the bottle in silence to Hank, who emptied and returned it, with the remark "that it wouldn't have been bad stuff ter wash down some of them ar pies."

Schneider is Right—Hold On, Not Ahead.

PAINESVILLE, O.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Observation often supplies facts which reason finds it difficult to explain. To illustrate: In a recent issue of the CHICAGO FIELD, Schneider, of Des Moines, Ia., states that "the surest and best wing shooting is to be done by following the bird with the gun and firing just as the sight covers it." But he gives no reason for "the faith that is in him."

Despite the opposition which Schneider will unquestionably meet with from those who advocate the method of holding the gun ahead of the game, he is correct, and his assertion can be proven by theory as well as practice.

It is a well-known fact that objects discharged from moving bodies have a momentum added to the projectile force, which carries them in a parallel line to that of the body from which they first received their direct motion. A cannon ball dropped from the mast of a moving ship will not fall behind the mast, but will strike the deck directly at the foot of the elevation from which it was dropped. A circus rider in leaping banners does not spring forward, but simply upward, relying upon the momentum which his body has already received to carry him along at the same rate as the horse underneath him, from whose back he has just made his leap.

In the same way with a charge when it leaves a moving gun. Its line of flight from the muzzle is not straight and perpendicular to a line drawn at right angles with the gun at the instant of discharge; on the contrary, it follows a direction exactly parallel with the barrel. The gun and the moving game are simply points upon the radius of a circle, of which the marksman's shoulder is the center.

The forward motion given the charge by the moving gun is sufficient to carry it along the direct line of that radius, although in doing so it moves forward as well as outward.

But now it may be asked how, if this is true, those who make a practice of holding ahead of their game are able to meet with any success? Simply thus: They, unbeknown to themselves, stop their gun at the moment of firing. They may not think they do it, but there is that involuntary bracing of the muscles when the brain says fire. A certain amount of time is necessarily consumed by several operations connected with shooting at game. The eye must transmit the idea to the brain; the brain must send

its command to the obedient muscles; the mechanism of the lock must act in response to the drawing of the trigger—and all these take time. Actually this may be, indeed is, minutely small; nevertheless it is sufficient to be taken into account. Now, practice and experience have proven the fact to those who claim it necessary to hold ahead of the game, that an allowance must be made for this minute fraction of time. As a result they fire at what seems to them the moment when their sight is in advance of the object to be hit, but without stopping to think that in reality the sight is exactly on the mark at the instant the charge leaves the gun.

Of course these facts are true only when the gun as well as the game are in motion, and at the same relative rates of speed. If a gun were sighted at a certain point and, while itself remained stationary, was to be discharged exactly as a moving object was passing the point upon which it bore, the charge would fall behind the passing target, and this because the momentum referred to had not been given to the contents of the barrel.

To prove the correctness of my statements, permit me to describe a very simple experiment which anyone can try. Take a strip of board sixteen or eighteen feet long and one or two inches wide, as stiff a piece as possible, on one end fasten a target, say three inches square, on the other one of those toy spring "pea-shooters," to be found in all toy stores, of sufficient size to throw a wooden ball the length of the board and a couple of feet beyond. Sight the "pea shooter" so that it will carry its charge directly to the center of the target. Now bore a hole in the end of your board just back of the "shooter" and through that hole drive a round peg into the ground in such a way that the strip of board will move freely around it. At the other end of your board and about a foot beyond it stretch a piece of white cloth as a segment of a circle to correspond with the one of which the board may be considered as the radius. Now load the shooter with a ball coated with black lead or any other substance that will make a mark when it hits the cloth. Next move the board as rapidly as you please around its pivotal center, and at the same time "fire" the "shooter." If the theory of those advocating "ahead" is correct, the ball will fall behind the moving target by reason of having been sighted directly at it instead of in advance, and will strike the cloth backing. As a matter of fact, however, it will be found to have hit the mark just as surely and accurately as when in a state of rest. And this because of the onward momentum given in connection with the projectile force.

The experiment will be found both interesting and convincing of the correctness of the statement that to hit game your sight must be directly upon it, when the object and the gun are both moving at the same relative rates of speed.

Very probably Mr. Van Dyke will except to my reasoning. I shall regret to differ with a gentleman of so much intelligence and experience, and when he knows my age (twenty-six) he will no doubt wonder at my assurance. However, let me say here, that none of the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD can admire his writings more than myself, and I want it understood I do not seek a newspaper controversy with the esteemed gentleman. Did I desire to do so I have not the ability to carry it out. I have merely written the above because I believe it correct, and after much thought.

During the past few years I have endeavored, both by study and practice in the field, as well as at the trap, to make myself a crack wing shot. My experience during these years sustains my theory, and common logical deduction from known laws governing projectiles explains the reason, and at the same time demonstrates where lies the misconception of those who differ. Schneider, shake.

C. S. K. to Mr. Ferguson and Jack Snipe.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In the issue of your paper of March 29 appear two communications purporting to be replies to my letter of a previous date; one of them from your correspondent Jack Snipe and the other appearing as though it (the letter) had been penned by the party whose signature it bears, but which I believe was the composition of some one who was either desirous of having me "bull-dozed," so to speak, or else not gentleman enough, to appear in print in *propria persona*.

I am astonished, indeed, Mr. Editor, that that letter was allowed space in your columns without the usual foot-note by the editor where the facts contained in my letter were so clearly distinct and in the favor of the man who appears to have been insulted.

If a man guns but one season and sells his game, is it not reasonable to suppose that the man would be termed for that period a market gunner? Where, in my letter, did I accuse any one of the three men named as ever having gunned for the market, that they (the men) had ever violated the law by killing game out of season? This accusation came from Mr. Ferguson's friend Jack Snipe, who has dodged the interrogatory which I put to him in my last letter, i. e. of naming the men out of my list whom he (J. S.) accused, "with but few exceptions, of being market gunners whose livelihood depended upon their individual skill" (or words to that effect) with the gun.

I sincerely trust that all intelligent readers of your paper will have decided who was the offender ere this letter shall have been "set up." Possibly my eyes may be constructed in the manner J. S. suggests, but I am happy to say that when I jump I generally gauge the depth of the space betwixt my standing-point and that to the brink of the abyss below. If Jack Snipe will answer the question which I propounded to him in my last letter (*vide* my paragraph in that letter, when I ask him, J. S., to name the men, out of my list, who are, or who have ever been, market gunners) I will try and have my informant stick by his words and give me a sworn statement covering the item which I termed as "sharp practice."

To my own sorrow, be it said, the *Star* of Oct. 8, 1878, caused me to lose a wager, in so far as the game law of Virginia was concerned. I took that paper's statement concerning the same, but, as I have said, I turned up "non est" on the strength of it. The close season expired in 1878 on October 15th, and not, as reported in the *Star*, on November 1st. No, Mr. Editor, I do not get my information in the future from this source, and my seeming ignorance must be attributed to my unwillingness to seek information from this authority. I make this point, as it is all-sufficient to support my case. A person may be within sight of a given object, and still not in the same county.

I wish it to be most emphatically understood that I am not an aspirant for the position of "Washington correspondent" to the CHICAGO FIELD. No, Mr. Editor, it is far from my thoughts; but if by my humble efforts to tell my fellow sportsmen throughout our land, of the beautiful country through which I passed last season, I have trespassed upon the sole prerogative of your older correspondent, I sincerely regret it and promise in the future to be more cautious.

I happened to attend a pigeon shoot on the 22d of February, last, at which I saw this Mr. Ferguson for the second time in my life to know him, and I had along my two dogs (dam and son) Mollie and Larry, by General Beales' (now my own) Rock, an imported dog. Larry, I must confess, was, up to that day, a decidedly bad case of gun-shy dog (I did not have control of him when a pup), but how Mr. F. ever got it into his head that my

"two dogs are gun-shy" is more than I can comprehend, as I will upon oath swear that he individually never saw my bitch (which is an A. No. 1 field performer) under fire of the gun before that day, and then, to keep her and the young dog out of harm's way, and not to have them running at large about the grounds at the report of a gun and the sight of the crippled birds, I very quietly coupled them and put them up in a loft nearby until I saw fit to take them down, and at my heel they both were kept "charged" until the matches were considered as over.

I may have possibly dilated a little too freely upon this subject, but as I have two to contend with, and have to do it single-handed, I trust you and your readers will overlook the lack of brevity. Years alone, though they be many, must not in all cases be considered the acme of knowledge on any topic, unless these years have been improved either by reading, or practice. True, I am the junior of Mr. F. by possibly eight or ten years, but when he asserts that I am an ignoramus about the gun, I confess that after two years' practical contact with the work shops at the Springfield armory I fall to see just where my ignorance lies. As I am about the only person here who encourages the "shows" of dogs in a substantial manner, I have considered it necessary, in order that my dogs may not rest under false accusations, to say what I have concerning my "two gun-shy dogs."

By way of a finishing touch, Mr. Editor, I close, by asking you to con the letters of mine and those of Jack Snipe, and inform Mr. Ferguson of how much injury I have caused him. You may possibly remember that it was some days after you received my letter for publication, that I sent a postal card, asking you to add Mr. F.'s name to those of Harris and Mayhew, I having done this in order that no vulnerable point might be exposed to the pen of J. S. I desire to state here, that I am tired of newspaper controversy and shall endeavor, after proving all of my assertions to put an end to it. May your widespread influence always be received with a proper spirit, and your shadow ne'er grow less; your readers pass proper judgment on all my writings, and if then I am to be called an illiterate fellow, no one will receive the verdict with better grace than C. S. K.

Holding Ahead or on Crossing Birds.

CANTON, MO.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—With your permission I will say a few words in relation to holding ahead on cross-quartering and birds passing directly over one's head. First of all, I do not claim to be an expert at wing shooting, but a fair average field shot; an experience of upward of twenty years' field and fowl shooting has taught me to agree with Mr. Dan Dyke, as to cross-quartering and shots at birds coming directly over one's head, perhaps having a little different way of doing it. I follow up a crossing bird, thereby getting a direct line of flight, and pulling trigger just at the time of passing the bird, and if at long range move the gun far enough ahead to leave a slight space between the bird and line of aim.

In 1858, I commenced duck shooting. I mention this, as one gets many more cross shots at ducks than he does in the field shooting over dogs at quail or grouse. Frequently when shooting at ducks when flying in pairs have I fired at the leading duck and killed the one behind, when they were flying directly across. Very many good shots do not keep their gun moving after pulling trigger. Whether they do or do not is not material, as the motion of the gun after the charge leaves the barrel would have no influence over the direction of the charge. Whether one keeps his gun moving or not, he must be ahead on crossing shots to be successful. The question may arise, How is one to know just how much to hold ahead on different angles and distances? I answer, By the same means one employs to know whether the bird is in shooting distance or not; this, one very readily knows, let it be field, water or brush shooting—the greater the experience the better the accuracy. All must admit that from the time of pulling the trigger until the striking of the charge, that time does elapse. Just how much is owing to distance, powder, etc. This, together with the flight of bird at the rate of from sixty to ninety miles per hour, must leave a space between the bird and where he was when the trigger was pulled; consequently, if your aim was directly on the bird when you pulled trigger the charge must go behind unless one is shooting a muzzle loader and open bore; then perhaps the scattering charge may bring the bird to bag, or give him a cripple, but with the present make of gun my success depends upon a steady nerve and making proper allowance for crossing shots. How often do we hear when at the trap and a quartering bird is missed, or one flying directly over the shooter's head, "shot behind." Why this remark, if they did not think they had not made sufficient allowance for a quartering shot? As a general rule our trapshooters are men of large experience both in field and at water fowl. Only a few days since I was out snipe shooting in company with A. D. L., of this place. The wind was blowing strong from the west, and we approached the snipe grounds from the north, the snipes rising against the wind, giving us principally cross shots. After firing several shots and getting no birds, he says: "Mack, why is it that I do not hit them?" I replied that I thought he was shooting behind, and to try holding ahead on crossing shots. Shortly, bang! goes his gun. Turning and looking, I saw the bird fall. "Why," says he, "I held at least a foot ahead of that bird." And I have no doubt but that he did, as the bird got up wild, and almost a direct cross shot; this, together with the effect of the wind on the charge, would have required that allowance. I have shot in company with very many different persons since I commenced wing shooting, and as far as I have heard them express an opinion, I believe without an exception it was to hold ahead on crossing shots. J. McWHORTER.

BINOCULAR SHOOTING.—San Antonio, Texas.—Editor Chicago

Field:—It was with great pleasure I read in your last paper a letter from that well-known sportsman, R. L. Purcell Llewellyn, Esq. It is over 20 years ago since my father taught me to shoot with both eyes open, and to-day I see the advantages. You can see just how far ahead to hold and to allow for flight of a swift bird, better than with one eye. If our friend Schneider does not believe it takes time for shot to travel, let him stand on one side a target and let some one fire a load of heavy shot 50 yards distant; he will find that he will hear the report of the gun before he hears the shot strike the target. I have often seen a teal duck rise at the report of a gun just far enough to be safe. Some guns have a wide spread and you can kill lots of game by holding right on. My gun choked to 400 I find takes a good allowance to kill. Mr. Llewellyn spoke of the weight of our guns. My own gun, a fine Nichols & Lefever, just turns the scale at 7½ pounds. We have got to using heavy guns for several reasons. A light gun kicks, and a light gun must be an extra fine one. James Purdy gets five hundred dollars and can afford to make it light. One hundred dollars is considered a big price in this country, and the greater number of sportsmen use guns costing from fifty to seventy-five dollars. Such guns must be heavy to be safe. For duck shooting I use four drs. of powder in my twelve gauge, 7½ pound Nichols & Lefever quality A. It would kick nine out of ten American sportsmen. I have seen blue shoulders from 60 grains of powder in a 44 rifle. I can use 160 grains of English powder with ease in a ten-pound rifle, 45 cal. I suppose it's because we get used to light guns. Our up-

land birds are easier killed than the English, and rise at shorter range, and I see no reason why sportsmen will own fine nine and ten pound guns. Because Capt. Bogardus uses a heavy gun it is no reason why everybody else should. Advice: pay a bigger price and get a light gun. ALMO.

THE CAUSE.—Findlay, O.—Editor Chicago Field:—I notice a great many different correspondents writing of the destruction of game birds by trapping and shooting (in season and out of season), contrary to law. Now I am in favor of any law that will protect game, but the destruction of game (in season and out of season) is laid principally to the pot hunter and trapper. Now what prompts the pot hunter to fire into a covey of quail and kill the whole of them at one shot? Is he thinking of quail on toast, or is he thinking how much Mr. Game Dealer in Chicago, New York, or some other city will pay him for them, in order that he may double his money on them, in season or out of season, and more particularly out of season? What prompts the fewer miserable devils of trappers to trap birds? Only for the money there is in it, in season or out of season; and as long as they are screened by these miserable game dealers and restaurant keepers, just so long they will continue to destroy game, in season or out of season. Now, in my opinion, the man that will pay 50 cents for a quail on toast, in season or out of season, has more greed and is more to blame for the destruction of the same than the miserable pot hunter or trapper. Just as long as there is such a demand for game, these miserable devils will shoot, catch and trap all they can, just for the money there is in it, and not for their own sport or pot, but for the pot and toast of those that can afford to pay them, the dealers, and restaurant keepers, to run the risk of being picked up out of season. To prevent the killing of game birds you must commence at the cause why they are killed and trapped, in season and out of season, and contrary to law. SNAP SHOT.

EARLY WOODCOCKS.—A Dog Story.—Cassville, Wis.—Editor Chicago Field:—I was out with dog and gun on the 29th of last month. I saw four woodcocks during the day. That is the earliest in the year that I have ever seen woodcocks here. While crossing a swampy piece of land I heard the scrape of a snipe. I ordered my dog on to see if there were any more, and in a very few minutes I was enjoying some fine sport. I bagged seventeen in about an hour, and went home well pleased with my hunt. Have been out nearly every day since. I am shooting over a brace of dogs belonging to Mr. John A. Nichols, of Syracuse, N. Y. These dogs are rather old to begin with, but last week was a play week for me, and I gave the brace the entire week on snipe. Their work was such that I am highly pleased with them.

I have read of so many smart dogs of late that I think it will be in order for me to tell a dog story that was told to me last evening by John Thomas, of this place. John owns an Irish dog by the name of Rush, and says: "I had given Rush a large bone with considerable meat on it. Liscomb's dog, Jack, in passing along discovered Rush gnawing at the bone, and wanted to help him; but Rush kept him off with his fierce growls. All of a sudden Jack wheeled and ran as if an idea had come into his head, he returned in short order bringing a large dry bone, and laying it down near Rush walked away from it with a growl. Rush left his bone and went to examine the one Jack brought. Jack seized the bone with the meat on, and left the yard." I will add that John is chuck full of truth, and furthermore, that the condition of Rush indicates foul play. L. H. B.

A TOUGH DUCK.—New Milford, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—Perhaps you remember my sending you the head of a jack-snipe, shot on the last day of the year, to be named. By this mail I send you the head and foot of a bird shot last night with a flock of brants, or what we call brants. This bird had a long neck, slate-colored back and breast, while its tail and stern were white; its weight was nine pounds. Will you please name it for us? Dr. S. H. French and myself were out last night about an hour and bagged three brants, one goose, one pin-tail duck, one mallard and this fellow. We had quite a joke on the Doctor, as he shot both barrels at a mallard and tipped it over on its back and then let it right itself and fly eighty rods and light. He then went to it and let his young dog nose it a spell, picked it up and carried it in his hand perhaps four rods when it gave a sudden flap and got away from him and flew against a wire fence and fell to the ground, gathered and flew off with two more charges of No. 4 shot after it. The Doctor said—or something like it, and says that the adage of "a bird in hand being worth two in the bush," is all bosh, for he would rather take the chances of the two. We saw large numbers of chickens on their drumming grounds, and a few snipe and one quail. M. E. H. [The bird is the snow goose (*Anser hyperboreus*).—Ed.]

A GOOD PLACE.—Sioux Falls, D. T.—Editor Chicago Field:—Your paper comes a most welcome guest every week. We all thought till last night that Spring was fairly upon us, but the weather changed last night and this morning the streams and ponds are all frozen over. I saw a large flock of ducks this morning sitting huddled together on the ice and at another place where a spring gushed forth from the creek bed, ducks were wedged in as thick as "hoppers." For several days geese, brant, ducks, pelicans, and swans have been streaming to the northward. Prairie chickens are very plenty; I never saw them more plenty in Wisconsin. I am laying out plans for a hunt, but like most of my speculations in this land of "wind" (both natural and artificial) the results may fall short of my expectations—but hopes and expectations of pleasure are more than half the real joys of life. I can heartily recommend this part of the territory to sportsmen, as possessing superior advantages for field sports. G. W. H.

TURNED AND UNTURNED CARTRIDGES.—Merced, Cal.—Editor Chicago Field:—I agree with R. M. in the *London Field*, and copied into the CHICAGO FIELD, in regard to turned-down cartridges and unturnd. My experience is about the same as his. I tested them as to penetration and pattern, the unturnd giving the greatest penetration and the most pellets in a given circle. I wish some other sportsman would try the experiment and give the result. Game is very scarce here, as the geese are all going north. We have a little wild pigeon shooting; the snows in the mountains having driven them down in the valleys. The weather here is very warm. G. W. H.

A CANON.—Ellsworth, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—I returned last Saturday from hunting. Had very good success for this part of the state, northern part Champaign county. I tried a new idea in upland shooting. I used a six-bore muzzle-loader, single gun; weight fifteen and a half pounds, full choke. I was well pleased indeed. For brant and geese it is a "Holy Terror." J. H.

TO POVERTY.—Des Moines, Iowa.—Editor Chicago Field:—If "Poverty" will look at my article on game protection, in the light of a travesty, and intended to be—as Josh Billings has it—"slightly sarkastik," I think he will take back his hard names, and will, perhaps, then appreciate the motives of one who is probably in no better circumstances than himself. SCHNEIDER.

(KENNEL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151.)

harr, Ranger; H.C., J. W. Coffin, Rake II., Dr. O. H. H. Sayre, Patch, J. R. Harrison, Dash, N. Cornwell, Rob. S. S. Cobb, Range, J. J. Snellenburg, Fleck; C. B. Reer, Don, W. A. Coester, Royal Don, E. L. Wilks, Tramp.

Class 17.—Pointers over 50 lbs.—Bitches. 1st, L. W. White, Grace; 2nd, D. G. Hart, Flash; 3rd, H. C. Glover, Gwendolen.

Class 18.—Champion pointers under 55 lbs.—Dogs. E. A. Willard, Sefton; V.H.C., A. M. Wright, Dick, J. J. Snellenburg, Button, E. Orgill, Rush.

Class 19.—Champion pointers under 50 lbs.—Bitches. E. Orgill, Rose; V.H.C., A. E. Godeffroy, Queen, and J. J. Snellenburg, Topsy.

Class 20.—Pointers under 55 lbs.—Dogs. 1st, J. Weighell, —; 2d, G. L. Strong, Ben; 3d, T. H. Terry, Chlawick, V.H.C., M. Hellmich, Bick; H.C., G. H. Everall, Ranger; W. E. Doane, Bob, and Baltimore Kennel Club, Black Prince.

Class 21.—Pointers under 50 lbs.—Bitches. 1st, G. Van Wagenen, Datchess; 2d, G. G. Barker, Princess; 3d, R. Lamb, Elf; V.H.C., E. Orgill, Belle and C. D. and E. A. Wagstaff, Minnie; H.C., H. Hedeman, Gip; A. E. Godeffroy, Dora, and J. W. Russell, Elleen.

Class 22.—Pointer puppies over 6 and under 12 months old.—Dogs. 1st, C. M. Schieffelin, Ponto; 2d, G. Roach, Van; V.H.C., H. N. Munn, Clive Newcombe; Dr. H. F. Aten, Frank Forester, A. E. Godeffroy, Random; Columbus Kennel Club, King Charlie, and E. Orgill, —; H.C., O. W. Donner, Sly; W. F. Steele, Glenmack; G. V. Wagenen, Garrie; Lincoln & Hellyar, Snapshot Jr.; C. H. N. Munn, Pendennis, and W. R. Bodmer, Ranger.

Class 23.—Pointer puppies over 6 and under 12 months.—Bitches. 1st, C. M. Schieffelin, Beauty; 2d, G. A. Strong, Rena; V.H.C., Columbus Kennel Club, Queen May; J. Weighell, Fleet; E. Orgill, —; H.C., W. A. Coester, Royal Peggie; G. A. Strong, Mollie; C. M. Schieffelin, May, and F. Howson, Lady Dufferin.

Class 24.—Pointer puppies under 6 months.—Dogs. 1st and V.H.C., C. D. and E. A. Wagstaff, — and —; V.H.C., J. W. Coffin, Dash.

Class 25.—No entries.

Class 26.—Champion English setters.—Dogs. Von Lengerke Bros., Jersey Duke.

Class 27.—Champion English setters.—Bitches. D. T. Charles, Rose.

Class 28.—English setters.—Dogs. 1st, Dr. S. Fleet Spler, St. Elmo; 2nd, D. T. Charles, Sam; 3rd, W. E. Leavitt, Sir Lancelot; V.H.C., T. D. Gladstone, Royal, W. S. Elmendorf, Stanley, J. J. Snellenburg, Thunder, D. P. Waters, Grouse, and F. Orgill, Ray; H.C., P. H. Morris, Czar, and J. A. Loring, Star.

Class 29.—English setters.—Bitches. 1st, Lincoln & Hellyar, Mento; 2nd, E. C. La Montagne, Abbey; 3rd, S. Scranton, Meg; V.H.C., E. F. Merrellott, Pet, Lloyd Kennel, Kate II, H. Ehlers, May, J. J. Snellenburg, Phoebe; H.C., A. E. Godeffroy, Nelly II.

Class 30.—English setter puppies over 6 months.—Dogs. D. T. Charles, Wellington; 2nd, W. H. Pierce, Royal Pomp; V.H.C., Lloyd Kennel, Prince Zeek, and O. Plock, Satan; H.C., Dr. S. Fleet Spler, St. Elmo II; C. H. E. Smith, Pride of the Kauterskills, and Dr. H. A. Rosenthal, Galando.

Class 31.—English setter puppies over 6 months.—Bitches. 1st, D. T. Charles, Trickett; 2nd, Lloyd Kennel, Polka; V.H.C., G. C. Sterling, Delta and I. R. Stayton, Floss II.

Class 32.—English setter puppies under 6 months.—Dogs. T. L. Watt, King Dash; V.H.C., W. S. Clark, Frown; H.C., D. W. C. Cole, Rosen.

Class 33.—English setter puppies under 6 months.—Bitches. T. L. Watt, Fannie F.; V.H.C., Charles H. Dayton, Belle of Cortlandt; H.C., J. O. Donner, Lester.

Class 34.—Champion black and tan setters.—Dogs. C. M. Pond, Tramp.

Class 35.—Champion black and tan setters.—Bitches. S. W. Rodman, Nellie.

Class 36.—Black and tan setters.—Dogs. T. Forman Taylor, Turk; 2d, E. S. Mills, Ben; 3d, C. T. Brownell, Dash; V.H.C., Dr. H. F. Aten, Glen, and L. G. Billings, Fred; H.C., Dr. S. Fleet Spler, Romeo, A. M. Wright, Prince, and F. W. Maulin, Conn.

Class 37.—Black and tan setters.—Bitches. 1st, Aldine Kennel, Lady Gordon; 2d, F. Fredenthal, Nelly F.; 3d, L. Curtis, Bees; V.H.C., Dr. S. Fleet Spler, Jacquette, and J. R. Tilley, Grace; H.C., H. Hunecke, Fan; C. H. Kinsley, Beville.

Class 38.—Black and tan setter puppies over 6 months.—Dogs. 1st, H. W. Huntington, Duke; 2d, T. T. Sawyer, Jr., Scott; V.H.C., Dr. J. W. Downey, Grouse; H.C., Dr. G. W. Carman, and I. Weighell, Joe.

Class 39.—Black and tan setter puppies over 6 months old.—Bitches. 1st, S. D. Schenk, Brenda; 2d, A. Rowell, Dream; V.H.C., W. H. Pierce, Maggie May; H.C., G. S. Sedgwick, Lorna Doone.

Class 40.—Black and tan setter puppies under 6 months.—Dogs. Dr. S. Fleet Spler, Brighton; V.H.C., G. Roach, Powder, and J. A. Hedden, —.

Class 41.—Black and tan setter puppies under 6 months.—Bitches. G. Roach, Nancy Lee.

Class 42.—Champion red setters.—Dogs. W. N. Callender, Rory O'Moore.

Class 43.—Champion red setters.—Bitches. Aldine Kennel, Red Rival.

Class 44.—Red Irish setters.—Dogs. 1st, Baltimore Kennel Club, Derg; 2d, A. Biddle, Grouse; 3d, J. White Sprong, Smuggler; V.H.C., D. G. Hart, Scout, and Lincoln & Hellyar, Chance II; H.C., W. R. Hobart, Bos, and C. J. Ketchum, Red Dick; C. W. Tallman, Pat, I. Weighell, Jerr, and J. Milley, Grouse.

Class 45.—Red Irish setters.—Bitches. 1st, Lincoln & Hellyar, Phantom; 2d, A. A. Sampson, Nora; 3d, G. W. Bassford, Gipsy; V.H.C., A. E. Godeffroy, Moya, and Max Wenzel, Dol; H.C., Geo. Van Wagenen, Mag, W. Lambert, Peg, C. Ketchum, Royal Rose, and Aldine Kennel, Rose.

Class 46.—Red Irish setter puppies over 6 months.—Dogs. 1st, W. A. McIntosh, Biz; 2d, S. D. Ripley, Spy; V.H.C., A. Bassford, Chester and Dr. G. F. Hawley, —; H.C., Lester Wallack, Ruby, and G. W. Bassford, Cardinal; C. G. W. Bassford, Dexter.

Class 47.—Red Irish setter puppies over 6 months.—Bitches. 1st, Baltimore Kennel Club, Florence II; 2d, and V.H.C., T. Newbold, Lady Bird, and Viscountess; H.C., G. W. Bassford, Magenta and Carnation; C. Lincoln & Hellyar, Muriel.

Class 48.—Red Irish setter puppies under 6 months.—Dogs. P. Noel, Conn the Shagbreen; V.H.C., C. R. Hobart, Flame and Free; H.C., G. T. Leach, Brock; C. M. P. Bray, True.

Class 49.—Red Irish setter puppies under 6 months.—Bitches. G. T. Leach, Countess; V.H.C., M. P. Bray, Trim, and H.C., Pearl and Ruby.

Class 50.—Champion red and white setters.—Dogs. J. W. Fassett, Jim Rerly.

Class 51.—Champion red and white setters.—Bitches. No entries.

Class 52.—Red and white setters.—Dogs. 1st, Max Wenzel, Jack; 2d, C. De Ronge and H. Inman, Montague; 3d, J. W. Fassett, Dash; V.H.C., W. S. Breese, Dick, and W. Maen, Chips; H.C., W. Kampmuller, Scott, F. S. Chester, Shot, J. B. Voekamp, and J. B. Voekamp, and R. Story, Pet; C. Dr. J. W. Downey, Red Gauntlet.

Class 53.—Red and white setters.—Bitches. 1st, I. Weighell, Bird; 2d, E. Lohman, Quail III; 3d, Mrs. S. Naylor, Bonnie.

Class 54.—Red and white setter puppies over 6 months.—Dogs. 1st and 2d, C. C. Worthington, Shot and Shell; V.H.C., J. R. Wood, Jr., Rip; H.C., R. T. Hewitt, Mike.

Class 55.—Red and white setter puppies over 6 months.—Bitches. 1st, H. Hedeman, Flirt; 2d, J. T. Miller, Kit.

Class 56.—Red and white setter puppies under 6 months.—Dogs. 1st, C. F. Lund, Flash; V.H.C., J. Bryce, Jr., Dick, and G. Longran, Marquis of Lorne.

Class 57.—Red and white setter puppies under 6 months.—Bitches. W. G. Murphy, Elena; V.H.C., Mrs. Kampmuller, Juno, and J. Bryce, Jr., Dixie; H.C., W. Burges, Limoges.

Class 58.—Chesapeake bay dogs.—No entries.

Class 59.—Irish water spaniels.—Dogs and bitches. 1st and 2d, D. B. Lawler, Mack and Judy; V.H.C., G. B. Paddock, Frank; S. Simmonds, Dash, and T. Cosgrove, Jessie.

Class 60.—Clumber spaniels.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, W. M. Tilerston, Trimhush; 2d, F. Austin, Nap; V.H.C., W. M. Tilerston, Fairy.

Class 61.—Cocker or field spaniels.—Dogs. 1st, A. Watts, Frank, and F. T. Wall, Toby; 2d, P. C. Winters, Doctor Jr., and D. P. Foster, Charlie; 3d, F. H. Hoe, Witch, and W. Schwind, Punch; V.H.C., E. Yard, Jr., Walf, J. Williams, Prince, and A. D. Withers, Pedro.

Class 62.—Cocker or field spaniels.—Bitches. 1st, F. C. Hollins, Feather; 2d, D. P. Bosworth, Gip; 3d, G. M. Keasberg, Madge; V.H.C., D. P. Bosworth, Clara; H.C., Fred H. Hoe, Madge and A. L. Sewell, Wig.

Class 63.—Cocker or field spaniel puppies.—Dogs and bitches. F. C. Hollins, Oxford; V.H.C., F. C. Hollins, Tramp; H.C., J. S. Morrill, Flake, and A. E. Godeffroy, Fleury.

Class 64.—Fox hounds.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, A. Belmont, Life Guard and Favorite; 2d, H. Puvoget, Tyler and Bismarck; 3d, I. Weighell, Buck and mate.

Class 65.—Beagles.—Dogs and bitches. 1st and 2d, R. H. Gillman, Charley and Lottie; 3d, Montclair Hunt, Rambler; V.H.C., W. L. Bradbury, Crafty and Bell Maid, and C. Pinder and —.

Class 66.—Dachshunds.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, C. E. Sisson, Waldman; 2d, W. H. Goetting, Zank; 3d, C. D. Arthur, Dietrich; V.H.C., Baltimore Kennel Club, Cora; H.C., Wm. Scheely, Dan.

Class 67.—Fox terriers.—Dogs. 1st, A. N. Morris, Gamster; 2d, T. D. Burke, Rattier II; V.H.C., J. P. Stinson, Lottery, F. R. Hitchcock,

Bounce, and T. D. Burke, Tyrant; C. L. M. Rutherford, Jr., Flash and Sam Simmonds, Grip.

Class 68.—Fox terriers.—Bitches. 1st and 2d, T. D. Burke, Minnie and Vixen; V.H.C., F. W. Fleck, Bess; H.C., W. B. Parsons, Kate and J. Mortimer, Topsy; C. R. C. Cornell, Pixie.

Class 69.—Fox terrier puppies.—Dogs. J. and P. Lawrence, —.

Class 70.—Fox terrier puppies.—Bitches. J. F. Ferguson, Fannie; V.H.C., J. & P. Lawrence, —; C. C. Walton, Nellie.

Class 71.—Collies.—Dogs. 1st, W. H. Watts, Ray; 2d, C. Lorey, Cato; 3d, A. S. Apgar, Rolf; V.H.C., J. P. Haines, Roy; H.C., J. G. Oton, Spot.

Class 72.—Collies.—Bitches. 1st, W. McLellan, Flora II; 2d, A. S. Apgar, Fashion; 3d, W. McLellan, Friday; V.H.C., J. P. Haines, Lasele.

Class 73.—Collie puppies.—Dogs and bitches. N. P. Schenk, Tam, and V.H.C., Di; H.C., C. N. Embury, White.

Class 74.—Dalmatian or coach dogs. G. Bishop, Spot.

Class 75.—Bulldogs and bitches. 1st, A. E. Godeffroy, Punch; 2d, E. S. Auchincloss, Pass; V.H.C., F. Miller, Kitty; H.C., J. Mortimer, Crib; C. W. J. Nelson, Crib.

Class 76.—Bull terriers.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, J. G. Coester, Spider; 2d, J. N. Briggs, American Kate; V.H.C., J. G. Coester, Lilly; H.C., R. J. Shay, King.

Class 77.—Bull terrier puppies.—Dogs and bitches. H. Denton, Betsy; C. G. W. Varian, Arthur.

Class 78.—Skye terriers.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, R. McClellan, Tom; 2d, L. Aspinwall, Jr., Puffy; V.H.C., T. Jeffrey, Albert, and C. L. Montauk, Mr. Myumm, Myumm; H.C., Mrs. S. Truesdale, Frank.

Class 79.—Pugs.—Dogs. 1st, Miss Brownell, Bothnia; 2d, D. Bacon, Guelph; V.H.C., H. W. Poor, Sam, Mrs. Gumbelton, Billy, J. Davis, Charlie, and Miss Penniman, Puck; H.C., Miss Salisbury, Pickles, A. A. Kingeland, Muggins, and W. Barlett, Tod.

Class 80.—Pugs.—Bitches. 1st, Mrs. W. H. Beadle, Little Nell; 2d, Miss Long, Pudge; V.H.C., D. P. Foster, Betty, and Mrs. G. C. Colburn, Countess; H.C., Mr. G. C. Colburn, Judy; C. F. S. Thompson, Lena.

Class 81.—Pug puppies.—Dogs or bitches. Chas. M. Heald, Rackett.

Class 82.—Scottish terriers.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, E. G. Baxter, Fanny Fern; 2d, Mrs. Gregory, Fanny.

Class 83.—Black and tan terriers over 5 lbs.—Dogs or bitches. 1st, John S. Bacon, Dick; 2d, and V.H.C., S. VanDyke, Fanny and Nelly; C. Mrs. Senhanser, Nellie.

Class 84.—Dandie Dinmonts.—Withheld.

Class 85.—Yorkshire terriers, blue and tan, over 5 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, T. Kaalagher, Ben II; 2nd, W. Collins, Young Taylor; 3rd, John Marriott, Ben; V.H.C., Mrs. Kestermann, Harry and F. Wood, Prince; H.C., T. Kaalagher, Charlie; C. W. Kehoe, Tatters and T. J. Kaalagher, Dot.

Class 86.—Yorkshire terriers, blue and tan under 5 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Mrs. A. Haines, Jr., Charlie; 2nd, A. Kestermann, Lucy; 3rd, W. Watson, Cricket; V.H.C., W. Watson, Tiny; C. Mrs. Landon, Pettie.

Class 87.—Toy terriers, other than Yorkshire.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, W. Hendrix, Phil; 2nd, A. Kestermann, Major; V.H.C., H. Harley Tiny; H.C., L. Heim, Lady.

Class 88.—Blenheim spaniels. No entries.

Class 89.—King Charles spaniels.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, L. N. Meyer, Sankey; 2nd, Miss G. S. Long, Tricksey; V.H.C. and H.C., A. Kestermann, Prince and Lady; C. H. Harley, Prince.

Class 90.—Japanese spaniels.—Dogs and bitches. 1st and 2nd, Mr. C. Pratt, Minnie and Flo; C. F. Senn, Milley.

Class 91.—Italian greyhounds.—Dogs and bitches. 1st and 2nd, Mr. A. T. Prevost, Nannie and Beauty; V.H.C., Miss A. J. Bowly, Arno; H.C., Mrs. E. A. Gray, Daisy; C. W. H. Van Dusen, Flora.

Class 92.—Miscellaneous. 1st, Lester Wallack, Bevis; 2nd, S. Mulvey, London Charlie; medals, A. Kaltenback, Lady; Mrs. Terry, Linda, J. Genzel, Jocko, and L. L. Lorillard, Flora.

GOTHAMITE.

"WHAT THEY SAY OF US."—The enterprise of our neighbor, *Forest and Stream*, almost takes away our breath. It quotes from an evening paper an advertisement of itself, written by itself, as a press testimonial of its merit. In setting itself up as a great authority on dogs, our neighbor forgot to say that it is a capital judge of "red pointers." We generously supply the omission.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

MORE IMPORTATIONS.—Topeka, Kas.—*Editor Chicago Field*: I will write you hereafter concerning two fine dogs we have bought in England. They will leave there this week. One a pointer bitch in whelp, from Whitehouse; the other a black, white and tan Guy dog of high pedigree, from Fauntleroy, the former owner of Rupert and Toledo Kennel Club's "Grouse."

A. C. WADDELL.

ZEAL AND LASSIE.—The St. Louis Kennel Club have received their brace of pointer bitches, Zeal and Lassie. June arrived at New York by the City of Berlin, on Monday last, and was to be shipped immediately to St. Louis.

WANT OF ROOM.—In consequence of the New York dog show occupying so much space we are compelled to leave out other kennel matter until next week.

Trap Shooting.

Chicago vs. Austin.

EDITORS CHICAGO FIELD:—The sportsmen of Austin and some of our village had a team shoot at Austin, at pigeons, 21 yards, plunge traps, with the following results:

Austin Team.		Chicago Team.	
Davis	11001 10001-5	A. Kleinman	11011 11111-8
Blackman	01110 01000-4	J. Kleinman	10011 01111-7
Talcott	10101 10101-6	L. Brown	11110 11101-8
Canfield	11010 01110-6	Watson	11101 11000-6
Turill	11101 11100-7	Lydston	10111 11110-8
Ballou	01010 10101-5	Gore	01100 10111-6
McFarland	11001 11111-8	Cowles	00111 11100-6
Kellogg	01100 11010-5	Mosher	11111 10111-9
Buzzell	01011 00100-3	Eich	10111 01111-8
Warner	10111 10011-7	Mears	01011 01100-5
Liesenden	00110 00011-4	Willard	01110 01011-6
Bassett	11010 11100-6	Organ	11110 11101-8
Total	66	Total	85
Glass balls, 18 yards.		Glass balls, 18 yards.	
Kleinman	11111-5	Bates	11111-5
Gore	10101-3	Eich	01110-3
Mears	11111-5	Lydston	11111-5
Organ	11101-4	Willard	11101-4
Cleaver	11111-5	Turill	11101-4
J. Kleinman	11111-5	Brumby	10111-4
Barnes	10001-2	Talcott	11101-3
Brown	01100-3	Warner	11111-5
McCullum	01111-4	Watson	01010-2
Ballou	10111-4	Mosher	01101-3
E. Price	11111-5	Canfield	11111-5
Bassett	01011-3	Liesenden	10101-3
Tie at 4, 26 yards, miles and out.		Tie at 4, 26 yards, miles and out.	
Organ	11111-5	Ballou	11111-5
McCullum	11111 11111-12	Willard	11111 11110-11
Tie at 5, glass balls, shot at 21 yards.		Tie at 5, glass balls, shot at 21 yards.	
A. Kleinman	111-3	Bates	111-3
Mears	110-2	Lydston	111-3
Cleaver	110-2	Turill	111-3
J. Kleinman	111-3	Warner	111-3
E. Price	111-3	Canfield	111-3
Second tie at 3.		Second tie at 3.	
Price	101-2	Turill	100-1
Bates	101-2	Warner	101-1
Lydston	100-1		
Third tie at 2.		Third tie at 2.	
Price	11-2	Bates	10-1
Liesenden	11-2	Eich	11-1
Mears	11-1	Brown	11-1
Bassett	11-1	Lydston	11-1
McCullum	11-1	Turill	11-1
J. Kleinman	11-1	Brumby	11-1
Gore	11-1	Warner	11-1
Organ	11-1	A. Kleinman	11-1
Watson	11-1		
Cleaver	11-1		

Ties on 1.

Organ	0	Eich	0
Watson	1	Brown	0
Cleaver	0	Kleinman	1
Freeze out, 30 yards, birds.			
Gore	0	Lydston	1
Mears	1	Ballou	0
Organ	0	Watson	0
Liesenden	1	Brumby	1
J. Kleinman	1	Mosher	0
E. Price	1	Eich	0
McCullum	1	A. Kleinman	0
Warner	0	Bassett	1

Tie on 1.

Mears	0	McCullum	1
Liesenden	0	Lydston	1
J. Kleinman	0	Brumby	0
Price	0	Bassett	0

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—The following is score of Montgomery Club quarterly match. Tame pigeons, 5 birds each, 21 yards rise; good birds, first match. Pelican badge for prize.

Pallard	110*	Armistead	1110
Ledyard	1111-5	Robinson	1010
Metcalf	11110-4	Hale	101
Spear	1001	Davidson	110
Randolph	111*	Goldthwaite	000
Wilkinson	1001	Gunter	100
Hannon	0111	Reese	10
Nichols	0100	Elmore	110

Ledyard holds the badge.

Second match, 5 birds; prize club pitcher, winner to own it.			
Nichols	111-3	Elmore	100
Hale	1011	Wilkinson	1101
Metcalf	11111-5	Armistead	010
Pallard	11111-5	Randolph	1110
Ledyard	11111-5	Goldthwaite	100
Hannon	1110	Robinson	100
Reese	111	Gunter	0111
Spear	1110-4		

Ties on 5.

Metcalf	111-3	Pallard	101-2
---------	-------	---------	-------

Metcalf wins pitcher.

Third match, 3 birds; sweepstake.			
Reese	111-3	Jones	111-3
Ledyard	011-2	Metcalf	100-1
Randolph	110-2	Pallard	111-3
Armistead	110-2	Elmore	011-2
Wilkinson	111-3	Powder	101-2
Gunter	101-2	Spear	00
Hutchinson	111-3		

Ties on 3.

Reese	0	Jones	0
Wilkinson	0	Pallard	1
Hutchinson	0		

Pallard wins 1st prize.

Ties on 2.			
Ledyard	0	Gunter	0
Randolph	0	Elmore	0
Armistead	1	Powder	0

Armistead wins second prize.

Fourth match, double birds, 21 yards rise.			
Pallard	11	Jones	10
Reese	10		

Pallard wins.

Fifth match.			
Wilkinson	01	Randolph	00
Pallard	00	Ledyard	00
Reese	10	Gunter	00
Jones	10		

Ties on 1.

Wilkinson	0	Jones	1
Reese	1		

Reese and Jones divide.

After this there was a glass ball match from a Mole trap; results about the same as the poor pigeon shooting.

PLAINVIEW, MINN.— <i>Editor Chicago Field</i> :—Enclosed find score of the Plainview Shooting Club, at 15 glass balls. Bogardus trap and rules. One of our best shots was not present.			
O. Seymour	11111 11111 11111-15		
W. Lawton	11111 11111 11111-15		
M. E. Taber	11111 11111 11111-15		
D. A. Lindsey	11111 11111 11111-14		
R. Mills	01111 11111 11111-14		
C. C. Clement	11011 11111 11101-13		

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Weekly shoot at glass balls. Sportsmen have agreed to meet every Saturday for practice.

ufbain		10111	01111	11101	-12
ounglee		00110	10101	01011	-8
chryver		11111	11111	11111	-18
linchy		01001	01000	10111	-7
ollock		00000	00000	00000	-0*
helly		00000	00010	00000	-1
			Attc		

FROM FRENCH GUIANA TO THE AMAZON.—The British Consul at Cayenne, Mr. Wooldridge, calls attention in his report this year to the recent expedition into the interior of French Guiana which was undertaken by a navy doctor, Dr. Jules Crevaux, with two priests and twenty men. The doctor discovered the true delineation of this important affluent of the Amazon, the river Yari, the navigation of which is of the most perilous kind. He points out also the remarkable difference in altitude between the valley through which the Maroni flows from the chain to the north, and that through which the Yari winds to the south. He states that there is one route by which, descending the river Yratapuru, which has no rapids to speak of, and falls into the Yari below its grand and most precipitous cataracts, the traveler could make the journey from Cayenne to the Amazon in forty-five days. It appears that the negroes and Indians dwelling in the valley of the Maroni carry their valuable wood and other rich vegetable productions to Dutch rather than French Guiana as a market, in consequence of the easier access, the town of Paramaribo being reached by canoes along a branch of the Maroni river flowing into the Surinam river. The doctor is of opinion that the range of Tumac Humac hills is not the only source of the gold production in French Guiana, but that the lower chain running through the colony contains most of the gold which is found in and along the *crues*. He found quantities of coal both in the valleys and on the hills. He says the Tumac Humac range must teem with gold, and it may be found in abundance among the rivulets. To reach the foot of the hills from the mouth of the Maroni takes thirty-three days' march at eight hours a day; and for fifteen days, so sparse is the population of Indians along the river, there is no opportunity of obtaining provisions. Even when met with, the natives are not to be depended upon for revictualing until you reach the Roucouyennes. Dr. Crevaux gives an account of immense trees springing up like columns some forty yards, bearing a pall of verdure impenetrable to the sun's rays, and of other wonderful sights in the "grand bois" of French Guiana through which he passed. —Country, London, Eng.

THE ANDEAN TAPIR.—The tapir is the name of a genus of pachydermatous quadrupeds, of which several species are at present known. In its general form and contour it reminds us of the hog, but it is sufficiently distinguished from that animal by its snout, which is lengthened out to the proportions of a flexible proboscis, which suggests the idea that it is but a rudimentary trunk. It partly serves the same purpose. The anterior feet have four toes, but the posterior only three, and these have only three tips encased in small hoofs; the eyes are small and lateral, and the ears are long and pointed. The flesh of the animal is very good eating, and by the natives, strangely enough, it is regarded as a remedy for the ague. It is slain by them in a very primitive manner. When a feeding place is discovered, a stage some eight or nine feet high is built between the trunks of the trees. On this stage the hunter, with his musket or bow and arrow, takes his station. The tapir is exceedingly shy and timid, and steps as lightly as a cat, and the rustling of the leaves of the forest is the only indication of its approach. As the slightest sound or smell alarms the animal, the hunter often has to lie as still as death for hours until the animal approaches sufficiently near to be shot.

RATTLESNAKES IN A BALL.—Zebulon Martin and son, who live at Henry's Bend, about six miles from Oil City, Pa., while removing stones on their farm, the other day, discovered a ball as large as a bushel basket, which appeared to be a coil of black rope, knotted and curiously interlaced. The warm sunshine fell upon the ball, which soon seemed to move in its many coils, and then the men saw that the ball was a mass of snakes. The warmth revived the dormant reptiles, and the surface of the ball was soon covered with rattles, which swayed to and fro with a sound resembling the blowing of wind through the dead leaves of a tree. What seemed at first a gordian knot began to unravel. The tails protruded more and more, and as the snakes unlocked their intricate coils they appeared to be packed with their heads in the center of this living ball. The snakes soon completely uncoiled themselves and showed fight, whereupon the men set to the work of slaughtering the reptiles. Fifty-six snakes were killed. The largest reptile possessed seventeen rattles. —Oil City Derrick.

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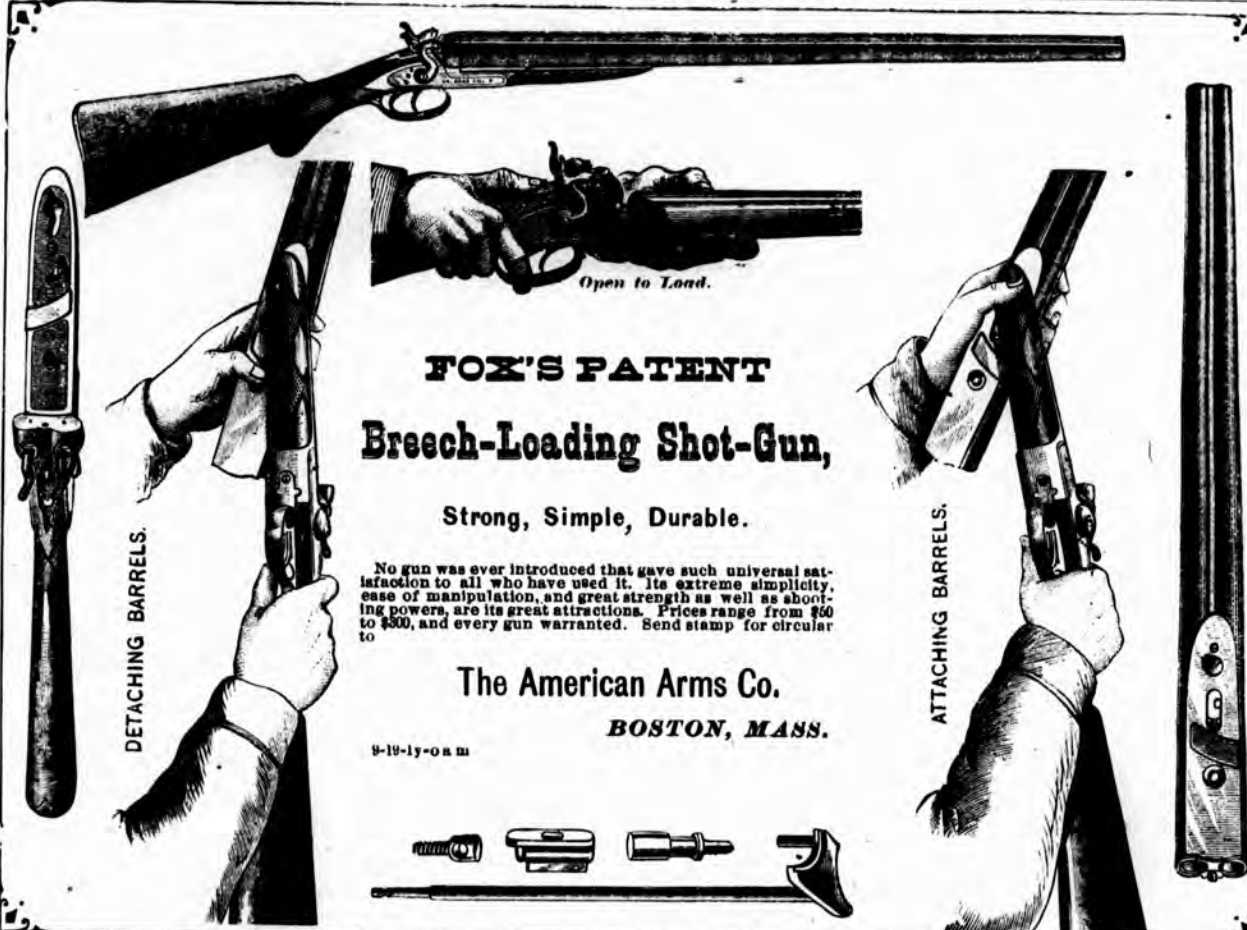
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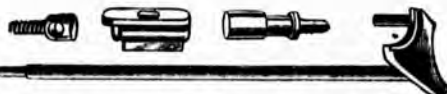
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